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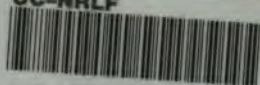
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JAPHET,
IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"PETER SIMPLE," "JACOB FAITHFUL," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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JAPHET,

IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

CHAPTER I.

I cut my new acquaintance, but his company, even in so short a time, proves my ruin—notwithstanding I part with all my property, I retain my honesty.

IN the mean time, the particulars of the duel had found their way into the papers, with various comments, but none of them very flattering to me, and I received a note from Mr. Masterton, who, deceived by the representations of that class of people who cater for news-

papers, and who are but too glad to pull, if they possibly can, every one to their own level, strongly animadverted upon my conduct, and pointed out the folly of it; adding, that Lord Windermear wholly coincided with him in opinion, and had desired him to express his displeasure. He concluded by observing, "I consider this to be the most serious false step which you have hitherto made. Because you have been a party to deceiving the public, and because one individual, who had no objection to be intimate with a young man of fashion, station, and affluence, does not wish to continue the acquaintance with one of unknown birth and no fortune, you consider yourself justified in taking his life. Upon this principle, all society is at an end, all distinctions levelled, and the rule of the gladiator will only be overthrown by the stiletto of the assassin."

I was but ill prepared to receive this letter. I had been deeply thinking upon the kind offers of Lord Windermear, and had felt that they

would interfere with the *primum mobile* of my existence, and I was reflecting by what means I could evade their kind intentions, and be at liberty to follow my own inclinations, when this note arrived. To me it appeared to be the height of injustice. I had been arraigned and found guilty upon an *ex-parte* statement. I forgot, at the time, that it was my duty to have immediately proceeded to Mr. Masterton, and have fully explained the facts of the case; and that, by not having so done, I left the natural impression that I had no defence to offer. I forgot all this, still I was myself to blame—I only saw that the letter in itself was unkind and unjust—and my feelings were those of resentment. What right have Lord Windermear and Mr. Masterton thus to school and to insult me? The right of obligations conferred. But is not Lord Windermear under obligations to me? Have I not preserved his secret? Yes; but how did I obtain possession of it? By so doing, I was only

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making reparation for an act of treachery. Well, then, at all events, I have a right to be independent of them, if I please—any one has a right to assert his independence if he chooses. Their offers of service only would shackle me, if I accepted of their assistance. I will have none of them. Such were my reflections; and the reader must perceive that I was influenced by a state of morbid irritability—a sense of abandonment which prostrated me. I felt that I was an isolated being without a tie in the whole world. I determined to spurn the world as it had spurned me. To Timothy I would hardly speak a word. I lay with an aching head, aching from increased circulation. I was mad, or nearly so. I opened the case of pistols, and thought of suicide—reflection alone restrained me. I could not abandon the search after my father.

Feverish and impatient, I wished to walk out, but I dared not meet the public eye. I waited till dark, and then I sallied forth, hardly knowing where I went. I passed the gaming house

—I did pass it, but I returned and lost every shilling; not, however, till the fluctuations of the game had persuaded me, that had I had more money to carry it on, I should have won.

I went to bed, but not to sleep; I thought of how I had been caressed and admired, when I was supposed to be rich. Of what use then was the money I possessed? Little or none. I made up my mind that I would either gain a fortune, or lose that which I had. The next morning I went into the city, and sold out all the remaining stock. To Timothy I had not communicated my intentions. I studiously avoided speaking to him; he felt hurt at my conduct, I perceived, but I was afraid of his advice and expostulation.

At night-fall I returned to the hell—played with various success; at one time was a winner of three times my capital, and I ended at last with my pockets being empty. I was indifferent when it was all gone, although in the highest state of excitement while the chances were turning up.

The next day I went to a houseagent, and stated my wish to sell my house, for I was resolved to try fortune to the last. The agent undertook to find a ready purchaser, and I begged an advance, which he made, and continued to make, until he had advanced nearly half the value. He then found a purchaser (himself, as I believe) at two-thirds of its value. I did not hesitate, I had lost every advance, one after another, and was anxious to retrieve my fortune or be a beggar. I signed the conveyance and received the balance, fifteen hundred and fifty pounds, and returned to the apartments, no longer mine, about an hour before dinner. I called Timothy, and ascertaining the amount of bills due, gave him fifty pounds, which left him about fifteen pounds as a residue. I then sat down to my solitary meal, but just as I commenced I heard a dispute in the passage.

“What is that, Timothy?” cried I, for I was nervous to a degree.

“It’s that fellow Emanuel, sir, who says that he will come up.”

“ Yesh, I vill go up, sar.”

“ Let him come, Timothy,” replied I. Accordingly Mr. Emanuel ascended. “ Well, Emanuel, what do you want with me?” said I, looking with contempt at the miserable creature who entered as before, with his body bent double, and his hand lying over his back.

“ I vash a little out of breath, Mr. Newland—I vash come to say dat de monish is very scarce—dat I vill accept your offer, and vill take de hundred pounds and my tousand which I have lent you. You too mush gentleman not to help a poor old man, ven he ish in distress.”

“ Rather say, Mr. Emanuel, that you have heard that I have not ten thousand pounds per annum, and that you are afraid that you have lost your money.”

“ Loshe my monish !—no—loshe my tousand pound ! Did you not say, dat you would pay it back to me, and give me hundred pounds for my trouble ; dat vash de last arrangement.”

“ Yes, but you refused to take it, so it is not

my fault. You must now stick to the first, which is to receive fifteen hundred pounds when I come into my fortune."

"Your fortune, but you av no fortune."

"I am afraid not; and recollect, Mr. Emanuel, that I never told you that I had."

"Vill you pay me my monish, Mr. Newland, or vill you go to prison?"

"You can't put me in prison for an agreement," replied I.

"No; but I can prosecute you for a swindler."

"No, you confounded old rascal, you cannot; try, and do your worst," cried I, enraged at the word swindler.

"Vell, Mr. Newland, if you have not de ten tousand a year, you have de house and de monish; you vill not cheat a poor man like me."

"I have sold my house."

"You have sold de house—den you have neither de house or de monish. Oh! my monish, my monish! Sare, Mr. Newland, you are one d——d rascal;" and the old wretch's

frame quivered with emotion; his hand behind his back shaking as much as the other which, in his rage, he shook in my face.

Enraged myself at being called such an opprobrious term, I opened the door, twisted him round, and applying my foot to a nameless part, he flew out and fell down the stairs, at the turning of which he lay, groaning in pain.

“ Mine Got, mine Got, I am murdered !” cried he. “ Fader Abraham, receive me.” My rage was appeased, and I turned pale at the idea of having killed the poor wretch. With the assistance of Timothy, whom I summoned, we dragged the old man up stairs, and placed him in a chair, and found that he was not very much hurt. A glass of wine was given to him, and then, as soon as he could speak, his ruling passion broke out again. “ Mishter Newland—ah, Mish-ter New-land, cannot you give me my monish—cannot you give me de tousand pound, without de interest ?

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you are very welcome to de interest. I only lend it to oblige you."

"How can you expect a d——d rascal to do any such thing?" replied I.

"D——d rascal! Ah! it vash I who vash a rascal, and vash a fool to say the word. Mishter Newland, you vash a gentleman, you vill pay me my monish. You vill pay me part of my monish. I have de agreement in my pocket, all ready to give up."

"If I have not the money, how can I pay you?"

"Fader Abraham, if you have not de monish—you must have some monish; den you will pay me a part. How much vill you pay me?"

"Will you take five hundred pounds, and return the agreement?"

"Five hundred pounds—lose half—oh! Mr. Newland—it was all lent in monish, not in goods; you will not make me lose so much as dat?"

“ I’m not sure that I will give you five hundred pounds; your bond is not worth twopence, and you know it.”

“ Your honour, Mishter Newland, is worth more dan ten tousand pounds: but if you have not de monish, den you shall pay me de five hundred pounds which you offer, and I will give up de paper.”

“ I never offered five hundred pounds.”

“ Not offer; but you mention de sum, dat quite enough.”

“ Well then, for five hundred pounds, you will give up the paper ?”

“ Yes; I vash content to loshe all de rest, to please you.”

I went to my desk, and took out five hundred pounds in notes. “ Now, there is the money, which you may put your hands on when you give up the agreement.” The old man pulled out the agreement and laid it on the table, catching up the notes. I looked at the paper to see if it was all right, and then tore it up.

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Emanuel put the notes, with a heavy sigh, into his inside coat pocket, and prepared to depart. "Now, Mr. Emanuel, I will show that I have a little more honour than you think for. This is all the money I have in the world," said I, taking out of my desk the remaining thousand pounds, "and half of it I give to you, to pay you the whole money which you lent me. Here is five hundred pounds more, and now we are quits."

The eyes of the old man were fixed upon me in astonishment, and from my face they glanced upon the notes; he could, to use a common expression, neither believe his eyes nor his ears. At last he took the money, again unbuttoned and pulled out his pocket-book, and with a trembling hand stowed them away as before.

"You vash a very odd gentleman, Mishter Newland," said he; "you kick me down stairs, and—but dat is noting."

"Good bye, Mr. Emanuel," said I, "and let me eat my dinner."

CHAPTER II.

I resolve to begin the world again, and to seek my fortune in the next path—I take leave of all my old friends.

THE Jew retired, and I commenced my meal, when the door again slowly opened, and Mr. Emanuel crawled up to me.

“ Mishter Newland, I vash beg your pardon, but vill you not pay me de interest of de monish ?”

I started up from my chair, with my rattan in my hand. “ Begone, you old thief,” cried I ; and hardly were the words out of my mouth, before Mr. Emanuel travelled out of the room, and I never saw him afterwards. I was pleased

with myself for having done this act of honesty, and for the first time for a long while, I ate my dinner with some zest. After I had finished, I took a twenty pound note, and laid it in my desk, the remainder of the five hundred pounds I put in my pocket, to try my last chance. In an hour I quitted the hell pennyless. When I returned home I had composed myself a little after the dreadful excitement which I had been under. I felt a calm, and a degree of negative happiness. I knew my fate—there was no more suspense. I sat down to reflect upon what I should do. I was to commence the world again—to sink down at once into obscurity—into poverty—and I felt happy. I had severed the link between myself and my former condition—I was again a beggar, but I was independent—and I resolved so to be. I spoke kindly to Timothy, went to bed, and having arranged in my own mind how I should act, I fell sound asleep.

I never slept better, or awoke more refreshed. The next morning I packed up my

portmanteau, taking with me only the most necessary articles ; all the details of the toilet, further than cleanliness was concerned, I abjured. When Timothy came in, I told him that I was going down to Lady de Clare's, which I intended to do. Poor Timothy was overjoyed at the change in my manner, little thinking that he was so soon to lose me—for, reader, I had made up my mind that I would try my fortunes alone ; and, painful as I felt would be the parting with so valued a friend, I was determined that I would no longer have even his assistance or company. I was determined to forget all that had passed, and commence the world anew. I sat down while Timothy went out to take a place in the Richmond coach, and wrote to him the following letter :—

MY DEAR TIMOTHY—Do not think that I undervalue your friendship, or shall ever forget your regard for me, when I tell you that we

shall probably never meet again. Should fortune favour me, I trust we shall—but of that there is little prospect. I have lost almost every thing: my money is all gone, my house is sold, and all is gambled away. I leave you, with only my clothes in my portmanteau and twenty pounds. For yourself, there is the furniture, which you must sell, as well as every other article left behind. It is all yours, and I hope you will find means to establish yourself in some way. God bless you—and believe me always and gratefully yours,

“ JAPHET NEWLAND.”

This letter I reserved to put in the post when I quitted Richmond. My next letter was to Mr. Masterton.

“ SIR,—Your note I received, and I am afraid that, unwittingly, you have been the occasion of my present condition. That I did not deserve the language addressed to me, you

may satisfy yourself by applying to Mr. Harcourt. Driven to desperation, I have lost all I had in the world, by adding gaming to my many follies. I now am about to seek my fortune, and prosecute my search after my father. You will, therefore, return my most sincere acknowledgments to Lord Windermear, for his kind offers and intentions, and assure him that my feelings towards him will always be those of gratitude and respect. For yourself, accept my warmest thanks for the friendly advice and kind interest which you have shown in my welfare, and believe me, when I say, that my earnest prayers shall be offered up for your happiness. If you can, in any way, assist my poor friend, Timothy, who will, I have no doubt, call upon you in his distress, you will confer an additional favour on,

“ Yours, ever gratefully,

“ JAPHET NEWLAND.”

I sealed this letter, and when Timothy re-

turned, I told him that I wished him, after my departure, to take it to Mr. Masterton's, and not wait for an answer. I then, as I had an hour to spare, before the coach started, entered into a conversation with Timothy. I pointed out to him the unfortunate condition in which I found myself, and my determination to quit the metropolis.

Timothy agreed with me. "I have seen you so unhappy of late—I may say, so miserable—that I have neither eaten nor slept. Indeed, Japhet, I have laid in bed and wept, for my happiness depends upon yours. Go where you will, I am ready to follow and to serve you, and as long as I see you comfortable, I care for nothing else."

These words of Timothy almost shook my resolution, and I was near telling him all ; but when I recollected, I refrained. "My dear Timothy," said I, "in this world we must expect to meet with a chequered existence ; we may laugh at one time, but we must cry at

others. I owe my life to you, and I never shall forget you, wherever I may be."

"No," replied Timothy, "you are not likely to forget one who is hardly an hour out of your sight."

"Very true, Timothy; but circumstances may occur which may separate us."

"I cannot imagine such circumstances, nor do I believe, that bad as things may turn out, that they will ever be so bad as that. You have your money and your house; if you leave London, you will be able to add to your income by letting your own apartments furnished, so we never shall want; and we may be very happy running about the world, seeking what we wish to find."

My heart smote me when Timothy said this, for I felt, by his devotion and fidelity, he had almost the same claim to the property I possessed, as myself. He had been my partner, playing the inferior game, for the mutual be-

nefit. "But the time may come, Timothy, when we may find ourselves without money, as we were when we first commenced our career, and shared three-pence halfpenny each, by selling the old woman the embrocation."

"Well, sir, and let it come. I should be sorry for you, but not for myself, for then Tim would be of more importance, and more useful, than as valet with little or nothing to do."

I mentally exclaimed, 'I have, I think I have, been a fool, a great fool, but the die is cast. I will sow in sorrow, and may I reap a harvest in joy. I feel,' thought I, (and I did feel,) 'I feel a delightful conviction, that we shall meet again, and all this misery of parting will be but a subject of future garrulity.' "Yes, Tim," said I, in a loud voice, "all is right."

"All's right, sir; I never thought any thing was wrong, except your annoyance at people

not paying you the attention which they used to do, when they supposed you a man of fortune."

"Very true; and Tim, recollect that if Mr. Masterton speaks to you about me, which he may after I am gone to Richmond, you tell him that before I left, I paid that old scoundrel Emanuel every farthing that I had borrowed of him, and you know, (and in fact so does Mr. Masterton,) how it was borrowed."

"Well, sir, I will, if he does talk to me, but he seldom says much to me."

"But he may, perhaps, Tim; and I wish him to know that I have paid every debt I owe in the world."

"One would think that you were going to the East Indies, instead of to Richmond, by the way you talk."

"No, Tim; I was offered a situation in the East Indies, and I refused it; but Mr. Masterton and I have not been on good terms lately, and I wish him to know that I am out of debt."

You know, for I told you all that passed between Emanuel and myself, how he accepted five hundred pounds, and I paid him the thousand ; and I wish Mr. Masterton should know it too, and he will then be better pleased with me."

"Never fear, sir," said Tim, "I can tell the whole story with flourishes."

"No, Tim, nothing but the truth ; but it is time I should go. Farewell, my dear fellow. May God bless you and preserve you." And, overcome by my feelings, I dropped my face on Timothy's shoulder, and wept.

"What is the matter? What do you mean, Japhet? Mr. Newland—pray, sir, what is the matter?"

"Timothy—it is nothing," replied I, recovering myself, "but I have been ill ; nervous lately, as you well know, and even leaving the last and only friend I have, I may say for a few days, annoys and overcomes me."

"Oh ! sir—dear Japhet, do let us leave this house, and sell your furniture, and be off."

“I mean that it shall be so, Tim. God bless you, and farewell.” I went down stairs, the hackney-coach was at the door. Timothy put in my portmanteau, and mounted the box. I *wept bitterly*. My readers may despise me, but they ought not; let them be in my situation, and feel that they have one sincere faithful friend, and then they will know the bitterness of parting. I recovered myself before I arrived at the coach, and shaking hands with Timothy, I lost sight of him; for how long, the reader will find out in the sequel of my adventures.

I arrived at Lady de Clare's, and hardly need say that I was well received. They expressed their delight at my so soon coming again, and made a hundred inquiries—but I was unhappy and melancholy, not at my prospects, for in my infatuation I rejoiced at my anticipated beggary—but I wished to communicate with Fleta, for so I still call her. Fleta had known my history, for she had been present

when I had related it to her mother, up to the time that I arrived in London; further than that she knew little. I was determined that before I quitted she should know all. I dared not trust the last part to her when I was present, but I resolved that I would do it in writing.

Lady de Clare made no difficulty whatever of leaving me with Fleta. She was now a beautiful creature, of between fifteen and sixteen, bursting into womanhood, and lovely as the bud of the moss-rose; and she was precocious beyond her years in *intellect*. I staid there three days, and had frequent opportunities of conversing with her; I told her that I wished her to be acquainted with my whole life, and interrogated her as to what she knew: I carefully filled up the chasms, until I brought it down to the time at which I placed her in the arms of her mother. “And now, Fleta,” said I, “you have much more to learn—you will learn that much at my departure. I have dedicated hours every night in writing it out;

and, as you will find, have analyzed my feelings, and have pointed out to you where I have been wrong. I have done it for my amusement, as i may be of service even to a female."

On the third day I took my leave, and requesting the pony chaise of Lady de Clare, to take me over to —, that I might catch the first coach that went westward, for I did not care which ; I put into Fleta's hands the packet which I had written, containing all that had passed, and I bid her farewell.

" Lady de Clare, may you be happy," said I. " Fleta—Cecilia, I should say, may God bless and preserve you, and sometimes think of your sincere friend, Japhet Newland."

" Really, Mr. Newland," said Lady de Clare, "one would think we were never to see you again."

" I hope that will not be the case, Lady de Clare, for I know nobody to whom I am more devoted."

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“ Then, sir, recollect we are to see you very soon.”

I pressed her ladyship's hand, and left the house. Thus did I commence my second pilgrimage.

CHAPTER III.

My new career is not very prosperous at its commencement—I am robbed, and accused of being a robber—I bind up wounds, and am accused of having inflicted them—I get into a horse-pond, and out of it into gaol.

I HAD proceeded half a mile from the house, when I desired the servant to turn into a cross-road so as to gain Brentford ; and, so soon as I arrived, the distance being only four miles, I ordered him to stop at a public-house, saying that I would wait till the coach should pass by. I then gave him half-a-crown, and ordered him to go home. I went into the inn with my port-manteau, and was shown into a small back parlour ; there I remained about half an hour

reflecting upon the best plan that I could adopt.

Leaving the ale that I had called for untasted, I paid for it, and, with the portmanteau on my shoulder, I walked away until I arrived at an old clothes' shop. I told the Jew who kept it, that I required some clothes, and also wanted to dispose of my own portmanteau and all my effects. I had a great rogue to deal with ; but after much chaffering, for I now felt the value of money, I purchased from him two pair of corduroy trowsers, two waistcoats, four common shirts, four pairs of stockings, a smock frock, a pair of high-lows, and a common hat. For these I gave up all my portmanteau, with the exception of six silk handkerchiefs, and received fifty shillings, when I ought to have received, at least, ten pounds ; but I could not well help myself, and I submitted to the extortion. I dressed myself in my more humble garments, securing my money in the pocket of my trowsers unobserved by the Jew, made up a bundle of the rest, and procured a stick from the Jew to

carry it on, however not without paying him threepence for it, he observing that the stick "wash not in de bargain." Thus attired, I had the appearance of a countryman well to do, and I set off through the long dirty main street of Brentford, quite undecided and indifferent as to the direction I should take. I walked about a mile, when I thought that it was better to come to some decision previous to my going farther; and perceiving a bench in front of a public-house, I went to it and sat down. I looked around, and it immediately came to my recollection that I was sitting on the very bench on which Timothy and I had stopped to eat our meal of pork, at our first outset upon our travels. Yes, it was the very same! Here sat I, and there sat Timothy, two heedless boys, with the paper containing the meat, the loaf of bread, and the pot of beer between us. Poor Timothy! I conjured up his unhappiness when he had received my note acquainting him with our future separation. I remembered his fide-

lity, his courage in defence, and his preservation of my life in Ireland, and a tear or two coursed down my cheek.

I remained some time in a deep reverie, during which the various circumstances and adventures of my life were passed in a rapid panorama before me. I felt that I had little to plead in my own favour, much to condemn—that I had passed a life of fraud and deceit. I also could not forget that when I had returned to honesty, I had been scouted by the world. “And here I am,” thought I, “once more with the world before me; and it is just that I should commence again, for I started in a wrong path. At least, now I can satisfactorily assert that I am deceiving nobody, and can deservedly receive no contumely. I am Japhet Newland, and not in disguise.” I felt happy with this reflection, and made a determination, whatever my future lot might be, that, at least, I would pursue the path of honesty. I then began to reflect upon

another point, which was, whither I should bend my steps, and what I should do to gain my livelihood.

Alas ! that was a subject of no little difficulty to me. A person who has been brought up to a profession naturally reverts to that profession—but to what had I been brought up ? As an apothecary—true ; but I well knew the difficulty of obtaining employment in what is termed a liberal profession, without interest or recommendation ; neither did I wish for close confinement, as the very idea was irksome. As a mountebank, a juggler, a quack doctor—I spurned the very idea. It was a system of fraud and deceit. What then could I do ? I could not dig, to beg I was ashamed. I must trust to the chapter of accidents, and considering how helpless I was, such trust was but a broken reed. At all events, I had a sufficient sum of money, upwards of twenty pounds, to exist upon with economy for some time.

I was interrupted by a voice calling out,

“Hilloa ! my lad, come and hold this horse a moment.” I looked up and perceived a person on horseback looking at me. “Do you hear, or are you stupid ?” cried the man. My first feeling was to knock him down for his impertinence, but my bundle lying beside, reminded me of my situation and appearance, and I rose and walked towards the horse. The gentleman, for such he was in appearance, dismounted, and throwing the rein on the horse’s neck, told me to stand by him for half a minute. He went into a respectable-looking house opposite the inn, and remained nearly half an hour, during which I was becoming very impatient, and kept an anxious eye upon my bundle, which lay on the seat. At last he came out, and mounting his horse looked in my face with some degree of surprise. “Why, what are you ?” said he, as he pulled out a sixpence, and tendered it to me.

I was again nearly forgetting myself, affronted at the idea of sixpence being offered to me ; but I recovered myself, saying, as I took it, “A poor labouring man, sir.”

"What, with those hands?" said he, looking at them as I took the money; and then looking at my face, he continued, "I think we have met before, my lad—I cannot be sure; you know best—I am a Bow Street magistrate."

In a moment, I remembered that he was the very magistrate before whom I had twice made my appearance. I coloured deeply, and made no reply.

"Well, my lad, I'm not on my bench now, and this sixpence you have earned honestly. I trust you will continue in the right path. Be careful—I have sharp eyes." So saying, he rode off.

I never felt more mortified. It was evident that he considered me as one who was acting a part for unworthy purposes; perhaps one of the swell mob or a flash pickpocket rusticating until some hue and cry was over. "Well, well," thought I, as I took up a lump of dirt and rubbed over my then white hands, "it is my fate to be believed when I deceive,

and to be mistrusted when I am acting honestly;" and I returned to the bench for my bundle, which—was gone. I stared with astonishment. "Is it possible?" thought I. "How dishonest people are! Well, I will not carry another for the present. They might as well have left me my stick." So thinking, and without any great degree of annoyance at the loss, I turned from the bench and walked away, I knew not whither. It was now getting dark, but I quite forgot that it was necessary to look out for a lodging; the fact is, that I had been completely upset by the observations of the magistrate, and the theft of my bundle; and, in a sort of brown study, from which I was occasionally recalled for a moment by stumbling over various obstructions, I continued my walk on the pathway until I was two or three miles away from Brentford. I was within a mile of Hounslow, when I was roused by the groans of some person, and it being now dark, I looked round, trying to catch by the ear the

direction in which to offer my assistance. They proceeded from the other side of a hedge, and I crawled through, where I found a man lying on the ground, covered with blood about the head, and breathing heavily. I untied his neckcloth, and, as well as I could, examined his condition. I bound his handkerchief round his head, and perceiving that the position in which he was lying was very unfavourable, his head and shoulders being much lower than his body, I was dragging the body round so as to raise those parts, when I heard footsteps and voices. Shortly after, four people burst through the hedge and surrounded me.

“That is him, I’ll swear to it,” cried an immense stout man, seizing me; “that is the other fellow who attacked me, and ran away. He has come to get off his accomplice, and now we’ve just nicked them both.”

“You are very much mistaken,” replied I, “and you have no need to hold me so tight. I heard the man groan, and I came to his assistance.”

"That gammon won't do," replied one of them, who was a constable; "you'll come along with us, and we may as well put on the *darbies*," continued he, producing a pair of handcuffs.

Indignant at the insult, I suddenly broke from him who held me, and darting at the constable, knocked him down, and then took to my heels across the ploughed field. The whole four pursued, but I rather gained upon them, and was in hopes to make my escape. I ran for a gap I perceived in the hedge, and sprang over it, without minding the old adage, of "look before you leap;" for, when on the other side, I found myself in a deep and stagnant pit of water and mud. I sank over head, and with difficulty extricated myself from the mud at the bottom, and when at the surface I was equally embarrassed with the weeds at the top, among which I floundered. In the mean time my pursuers, warned by the loud splash, had paused when they came to the hedge, and

perceiving my situation, were at the brink of the pit watching for my coming out. All resistance was useless. I was numbed with cold and exhausted by my struggles, and when I gained the bank I surrendered at discretion.

CHAPTER IV.

Worse and worse—If out of gaol, it will be to go out of the world—I am resolved to take my secret with me.

THE handcuffs were now put on without resistance on my part, and I was led away to Hounslow by the two constables, while the others returned to secure the wounded man. On my arrival I was thrust into the clink, or lock-up house, as the magistrates would not meet that evening, and there I was left to my reflections. Previously, however, to this, I was searched, and my money, amounting, as I before stated, to upwards of twenty pounds, taken from me by the constables, and what I had quite forgotten, a diamond solitaire ring, which

I had intended to have left with my other bijouterie for Timothy, but in my hurry, when I left London, I had allowed to remain upon my finger. The gaol was a square building, with two unglazed windows secured with thick iron bars, and the rain having beat in, it was more like a pound for cattle, for it was not even paved, and the ground was three or four inches deep in mud. There was no seat in it, and there I was the whole of the night walking up and down shivering in my wet clothes, in a state of mind almost bordering upon insanity. Reflect upon what was likely to happen, I could not. I only ran over the past. I remembered what I had been, and felt cruelly the situation I then was in. Had I deserved it? I thought not. "Oh ! father—father !" exclaimed I, bitterly, " see to what your son is brought—handcuffed as a felon ! God have mercy on my brain, for I feel that it is wandering. Father, father—alas, I have none !—had you left me at the asylum, without any clue, or hopes of a

clue, to my hereafter being reclaimed, it would have been a kindness ; I should then have been happy and contented in some obscure situation ; but you raised hopes only to prostrate them—and imaginings which have led to my destruction. Sacred is the duty of a parent, and heavy must be the account of those who desert their children, and are required by Heaven to render up an account of the important trust. Couldst thou, oh ! father, but now behold thy son ! God Almighty !——but I will not curse you, father ! No, no”——and I burst into tears, as I leant against the damp walls of the prison.

The day at last broke, and the sun rose, and poured his beaming rays through the barred windows. I looked at myself, and was shocked at my appearance ; my smock-frock was covered with black mud, my clothes were equally disfigured. I had lost my hat when in the water, and I felt the dry mud cracking on my cheeks. I put my hands up to my head, and I pulled a quantity of duck-weed out of my matted and

tangled hair. I thought of the appearance I should make when summoned before the magistrates, and how much it would go against me. "Good God!" thought I, "who, of all the world of fashion—who, of all those who once caught my salutation so eagerly—who, of all those worldly-minded girls, who smiled upon me but one short twelve months since, would imagine, or believe, that Japhet Newland could ever have sunk so low—and how has he so fallen? Alas! because he would be honest, and had strength of mind enough to adhere to his resolution. Well, well, God's will be done; I care not for life; but still an ignominious death—to go out of the world like a dog, and that too without finding out who is my father." And I put my fettered hands up and pressed my burning brow, and remained in a sort of apathetic sullen mood, until I was startled by the opening of the door, and the appearance of the constables. They led me out among a crowd, through which, with difficulty, they could force their

way, and followed by the majority of the population of Hounslow, who made their complimentary remarks upon the *footpad*, I was brought before the magistrates. The large stout man was then called up to give his evidence, and deposed as follows:—

“ That he was walking to Hounslow from Brentford, whither he had been to purchase some clothes, when he was accosted by two fellows in smock-frocks, one of whom carried a bundle in his left hand. They asked him what o’clock it was; and he took out his watch to tell them, when he received a blow from the one with the bundle, (this one, sir, said he, pointing to me,) on the back of his head; at the same time the other, (the wounded man who was now in custody,) snatched his watch.— That at the time he had purchased his clothes at Brentford, he had also bought a bag of shot, fourteen pounds weight, which he had, for the convenience of carrying, tied up with the clothes in the bundle, and perceiving that he

was about to be robbed, he had swung his bundle round his head, and with the weight of the shot, had knocked down the man who had snatched at his watch. He then turned to the other (me) who backed from him, and struck at him with his stick. (The stick was here produced, and when I cast my eye on it, I was horrified to perceive that it was the very stick which I had bought of the Jew, for three pence, to carry my bundle on.) He had closed in with me, and was wresting the stick out of my hand, when the other man, who had recovered his legs, again attacked him with another stick. In the scuffle he had obtained my stick, and I had wrested from him his bundle, with which, as soon as he had knocked down my partner, I ran off. That he beat my partner until he was insensible, and then found that I had left my own bundle, which in the affray I had thrown on one side. He then made the best of his way to Hownslow to give the information. His return and finding me

with the other man is already known to the readers.

The next evidence who came forward was the Jew, from whom I had bought the clothes and sold my own. He narrated all that had occurred, and swore to the clothes in the bundle left by the footpad, and to the stick which he had sold to me. The constable then produced the money found about my person and the diamond solitaire ring, stating my attempt to escape when I was seized. The magistrate then asked me whether I had any thing to say in my defence, cautioning me not to commit myself.

I replied, that I was innocent; that it was true that I had sold my own clothes, and had purchased those of the Jew, as well as the stick: that I had been asked to hold the horse of a gentleman when sitting on a bench opposite a public-house, and that some one had stolen my bundle and my stick. That I had walked on towards Howslow, and, in assisting a fellow creature, whom I certainly had considered as

having been attacked by others, I had merely yielded to the common feelings of humanity—that I was seized when performing that duty, and should willingly have accompanied them to the magistrate's, had not they attempted to put on handcuffs, at which my feelings were roused, and I knocked the constable down, and made my attempt to escape.

“Certainly, a very ingenious defence,” observed one of the magistrates; “pray where——!” At this moment the door opened, and in came the very gentleman, the magistrate at Bow-street, whose horse I had held. “Good morning, Mr. Norman, you have just come in time to render us your assistance. We have a very deep hand to deal with here, or else a very injured person, I cannot tell which. Do us the favour to look over these informations and the defence of the prisoner, previous to our asking him any more questions.”

The Bow-street magistrate complied, and then turned to me, but I was so disguised with mud, that he could not recognise me.

“ You are the gentleman, sir, who asked me to hold your horse,” said I. “ I call you to witness, that that part of my assertion is true.”

“ I do now recollect that you are the person,” replied he, “ and you may recollect the observation I made, relative to your hands, when you stated that you were a poor countryman.”

“ I do, sir, perfectly,” replied I.

“ Perhaps then you will inform us by what means a diamond-ring and twenty pounds in money came into your possession ?”

“ Honestly, sir,” replied I.

“ Will you state, as you are a poor countryman, with whom you worked last—what parish you belong to—and whom you can bring forward in proof of good character ?”

“ I certainly shall not answer those questions,” replied I ; “ if I chose I might so do, and satisfactorily.”

“ What is your name ?”

“ I cannot answer that question either, sir,” replied I.

“ I told you yesterday that we had met before ; was it not at Bow-street ? ”

“ I am surprised at your asking a question, sir, from the bench, to which, if I answered, the reply might affect me considerably. I am here in a false position, and cannot well help myself. I have no friends that I choose to call, for I should blush that they should see me in such a state, and under such imputations.”

“ Your relations, young man, would certainly not be backward. Who is your father ? ”

“ My father ! ” exclaimed I, raising up my hands and eyes. “ My father ! Merciful God ! —if he could only see me here—see to what he has reduced his unhappy son,” and I covered my face, and sobbed convulsively.

CHAPTER V.

By the committing of magisterial mistakes I am personally and penally committed—I prepare for my trial by calling in the assistance of the tailor and the perfumer—I am resolved to die like a gentleman.

“It is indeed a pity, a great pity,” observed one of the magistrates, “such a fine young man, and evidently, by his demeanour and language, well brought up; but I believe,” said he, turning to the others, “we have but one course; what say you, Mr. Norman?”

“I am afraid that my opinion coincides with yours, and that the grand jury will not hesitate to find a bill, as the case stands at present. Let us, however, ask the witness Armstrong

one question. Do you positively swear to this young man being one of the persons who attacked you?"

"It was not very light at the time, sir, and both the men had their faces *smutted*; but it was a person just his size, and dressed in the same way, as near as I can recollect."

"You cannot, therefore, swear to his identity?"

"No, sir; but to the best of my knowledge and belief, he is the man."

"Take that evidence down as important," said Mr. Norman, "it will assist him at his trial."

The evidence was taken down, and then my commitment to the county gaol was made out. I was placed in a cart, between two constables, and driven off. On my arrival I was put into a cell, and my money returned to me, but the ring was detained, that it might be advertised. At last, I was freed from the manacles, and when the prison dress was brought to me to put on,

in lieu of my own clothes, I requested leave from the gaoler to wash myself, which was granted; and, strange to say, so unaccustomed had I been to such a state of filth, that I felt a degree of happiness, as I returned from the pump in the prison-yard, and I put on the prison dress almost with pleasure; for degrading as it was, at all events, it was new and clean. I then returned to my cell and was left to my meditations.

Now that my examination and committal were over, I became much more composed, and was able to reflect coolly. I perceived the great danger of my situation—how strong the evidence was against me—and how little chance I had of escape. As for sending to Lord Windermear, Mr. Masterton, or those who formerly were acquainted with me, my pride forbade it—I would sooner have perished on the scaffold. Besides, their evidence as to my former situation in life, although it would perhaps satisfactorily account for my possession of the money and the

ring, and for my disposing of my portmanteau—all strong presumptive evidence against me—would not destroy the evidence brought forward as to the robbery, which appeared to be so very conclusive to the bench of magistrates. My only chance appeared to be in the footpad, who had not escaped, acknowledging that I was not his accomplice, and I felt how much I was interested in his recovery, as well as in his candour. The assizes I knew were near at hand, and I anxiously awaited the return of the gaoler, to make a few inquiries. At night he looked through the small square cut out of the top of the door of the cell, for it was his duty to go his rounds and ascertain if all his prisoners were safe. I then asked him if I might be allowed to make a few purchases, such as pens, ink, and paper, &c. As I was not committed to prison in punishment, but on suspicion, this was not denied, although it would have been to those who were condemned to imprisonment and hard labour for their

offences; and he volunteered to procure them for me the next morning. I then wished him a good night, and threw myself on my mattress. Worn out with fatigue and distress of mind, I slept soundly, without dreaming, until daylight the next morning. As I awoke, and my scattered senses were returning, I had a confused idea that there was something which weighed heavily on my mind, which sleep had banished from my memory. "What is it?" thought I; and as I opened my eyes, so did I remember that I, Japhet Newland, who but two nights before was pressing the down of luxury in the same habitation as Lady de Clare and her lovely child, was now on a mattress in the cell of a prison, under a charge which threatened me with an ignominious death. I rose, and sat on the bed, for I had not thrown off my clothes. My first thoughts were directed to Timothy. Should I write to him? No, no! why should I make him miserable? If I was to suffer, it should be under an assumed name. But what

name? Here I was interrupted by the gaoler, who opened the door, and desired me to roll up my mattress and bed-clothes, that they might, as was the custom, be taken out of the cell during the day.

My first inquiry was, if the man who had been so much hurt was in the gaol.

"You mean your 'complice,'" replied the gaoler. "Yes, he is here, and has recovered his senses. The doctor says he will do very well."

"Has he made any confession?" inquired I.

The gaoler made no reply.

"I ask that question," continued I, "because if he acknowledges who was his accomplice, I shall be set at liberty."

"Very likely," replied the man, sarcastically; "the fact is, there is no occasion for king's evidence in this case, or you might get off by crossing the water; so you must trust to your luck. The grand jury meet to-day, and I will

let you know whether a true bill is found against you or not."

"What is the name of the other man?" inquired I.

"Well, you are a good un to put a face upon a matter, I will say. You would almost persuade me, with that innocent look of yours, that you know nothing about the business."

"Nor do I," replied I.

"You will be fortunate if you can prove as much, that's all."

"Still, you have not answered my question ; what is the other man's name?"

"Well," replied the gaoler, laughing, "since you are determined I shall tell you, I will. It must be news to you, with a vengeance. His name is Bill Ogle, *alias* Swamping Bill. I suppose you never heard that name before?"

"I certainly never did," replied I.

"Perhaps you do not know your own name?"

Yet I can tell it you, for Bill Ogle has blown upon you so far."

"Indeed," replied I; "and what name has he given to me?"

"Why, to do him justice, it wasn't until he saw a copy of the depositions before the magistrates, and heard how you were nabbed in trying to help him off, that he did tell it; and then he said, 'Well, Phill Maddox always was a true un, and I'm mortal sorry that he's in for't, by looking a'ter me.' Now do you know your own name?"

"I certainly do not," replied I.

"Well, did you ever hear of one who went by the name of Phill Maddox?"

"I never did," replied I; "and I am glad that Ogle has disclosed so much."

"Well, I never before met with a man who didn't know his own name, or had the face to say so, and expect to be believed; but never mind, you are right to be cautious, with the halter looking you in the face."

"O God! O God!" exclaimed I, throwing myself on the bedstead, and covering up my face, "give me strength to bear even that, if so it must be."

The gaoler looked at me for a time. "I don't know what to make of him—he puzzles me quite, certainly. Yet it's no mistake."

"It is a mistake," replied I, rising; "but whether the mistake will be found out until too late, is another point. However, it is of little consequence. What have I to live for,—unless to find out who is my father?"

"Find out your father! what's in the wind now? well, it beats my comprehension altogether. But did not you say you wished me to get you something?"

"Yes," replied I; and I gave him some money, with directions to purchase me implements for writing, some scented wax, a tooth-brush, and tooth-powder, eau de cologne, hair-brush and comb, razors, small looking-glass, and various implements for my toilet.

“This is a rum world,” said the man, repeating what I asked for, as I put two guineas in his hand. “I’ve purchased many a article for a prisoner, but never heard of such rattletraps afore; however, that be all the same. You will have them, though what *ho de colum* is I can’t tell, nor dang me if I shall recollect—not poison, be it, for that is not allowed in the prison?”

“No, no,” replied I, indulging in momentary mirth at the idea; “you may inquire, and you will find that it’s only taken by ladies who are troubled with the vapours.”

“Now I should ha’ thought that you’d have spent your money in the cookshop, which is so much more natural. However, we all have our fancies;” so saying, he quitted the cell, and locked the door.

CHAPTER VI.

I am condemned to be hung by the neck until I am dead, and to go out of the world without finding out who is my father—Afterwards my innocence is made manifest and I am turned adrift a maniac in the high road.

It may appear strange to the reader that I sent for the above-mentioned articles, but habit is second nature, and although two days before, when I set out on my pilgrimage, I had resolved to discard these superfluities, yet now in my distress I felt as if they would comfort me. That evening, after rectifying a few mistakes on the part of the good-tempered gaoler, by writing down what I wanted on the paper which he had procured me, I obtained all that I required.

The next morning, he informed me that the grand jury had found a true bill against me, and that on the Saturday next, the assizes would be held. He also brought me the list of trials, and I found that mine would be one of the last, and would not probably come on until Monday or Tuesday. I requested him to send for a good tailor, as I wished to be dressed in a proper manner, previous to appearing in court. As a prisoner is allowed to go into court in his own clothes instead of the gaol dress, this was consented to, and when the man came, I was very particular in my directions, so much so, that it surprised him. He also procured me the other articles I required to complete my dress, and on Saturday night I had them all ready, for I was resolved that I would at least die as a gentleman.

Sunday passed away, not as it ought to have passed, certainly. I attended prayers, but my thoughts were elsewhere—how, indeed, could it be otherwise? Who can control his thoughts? He may attempt so to do, but the attempt is all

that can be made. He cannot command them. I heard nothing, my mind was in a state of gyration, whirling round from one thing to the other, until I was giddy from intensity of feeling.

On Monday morning the gaoler came and asked me whether I would have legal advice. I replied in the negative. "You will be called about twelve o'clock, I hear," continued he; "it is now ten, and there is only one more trial before yours, about the stealing of four geese and half a dozen fowls."

"Good God!" thought I, "and am I mixed up with such deeds as these?" I dressed myself with the utmost care and precision, and never was more successful. My clothes were black, and fitted well. About one o'clock I was summoned by the gaoler, and led between him and another to the court-house, and placed in the dock. At first my eyes swam, and I could distinguish nothing, but gradually I recovered. I looked round, for I had called up my courage. My eyes wandered from the judge to the row of

legal gentlemen below him ; from them to the well-dressed ladies who sat in the gallery above ; behind me I did not look. I had seen enough, and my cheeks burnt with shame. At last I looked at my fellow culprit, who stood beside me, and his eyes at the same time met mine. He was dressed in the gaol clothes, of pepper and salt coarse cloth. He was a rough, vulgar, brutal looking man, but his eye was brilliant, his complexion was dark, and his face was covered with whiskers. " Good heavens," thought I, " who will ever imagine or credit that we have been associates ?"

The man stared at me, bit his lip, and smiled with contempt, but made no further remark. The indictment having been read, the clerk of the court cried out, " You, Benjamin Ogle, having heard the charge, say, guilty or not guilty ?"

" Not guilty," replied the man, to my astonishment.

“ You, Philip Maddox, guilty or not guilty?”

I did not answer.

“ Prisoner,” observed the judge in a mild voice, “ you must answer, guilty or not guilty. It is merely a form.”

“ My lord,” replied I, “ my name is not Philip Maddox.”

“ That is the name given in the indictment by the evidence of your fellow prisoner,” observed the judge; “ your real name we cannot pretend to know. It is sufficient that you answer to the question of whether you, the prisoner, are guilty or not guilty.”

“ Not guilty, my lord, most certainly,” replied I, placing my hand to my heart, and bowing to him.

The trial proceeded; Armstrong was the principal evidence. To my person he would not swear. The Jew proved my selling my clothes, purchasing those found in the bundle, and the stick, of which Armstrong possessed

himself. The clothes I had on at the time of my capture were produced in court. As for Ogle, his case was decisive. We were then called upon for our defence. Ogle's was very short. "He had been accustomed to fits all his life—was walking to Hounslow, and had fallen down in a fit. It must have been somebody else who had committed the robbery and had made off, and he had been picked up in a mistake." This defence appeared to make no other impression than ridicule, and indignation at the barefaced assertion. I was then called on for mine.

"My lord," said I, "I have no defence to make except that which I asserted before the magistrates, that I was performing an act of charity towards a fellow-creature, and was, through that, supposed to be an accomplice. Arraigned before so many upon a charge, at the bare accusation of which my blood revolts, I cannot and will not allow those who might prove what my life has been, and the circum-

stances which induced me to take up the disguise in which I was taken, to appear in my behalf. I am unfortunate, but not guilty. One only chance appears to be open to me, which is, in the candour of the party who now stands by me. If he will say to the court that he ever saw me before, I will submit without murmur to my sentence."

"I'm sorry that you've put that question, my boy," replied the man, "for I have seen you before;" and the wretch chuckled with repressed laughter.

I was so astonished, so thunderstruck with this assertion, that I held down my head, and made no reply. The judge then summed up the evidence to the jury, pointing out to them, that of Ogle's guilt there could be no doubt, and of mine, he was sorry to say, but little. Still they must bear in mind that the witness Armstrong could not swear to my person. The jury, without leaving the box, consulted together a short time, and brought in a verdict of

guilty against Benjamin Ogle and Philip Maddox. I heard no more—the judge sentenced us both to execution : he lamented that so young and prepossessing a person as myself should be about to suffer for such an offence : he pointed out the necessity of condign punishment, and gave us no hopes of pardon or clemency. But I heard him not—I did not fall, but I was in a state of stupor. At last, he wound up his sentence by praying us to prepare ourselves for the awful change, by an appeal to that heavenly Father——“ Father !” exclaimed I, in a voice which electrified the court, “ did you say my father? O God ! where is he?” and I fell down in a fit. The handkerchiefs of the ladies were applied to their faces, the whole court were moved, for I had, by my appearance, excited considerable interest, and the judge, with a faltering, subdued voice, desired that the prisoners might be removed.

“ Stop one minute, my good fellow,” said Ogle, to the gaoler, while others were taking

me out of court. "My lord, I've something rather important to say. Why I did not say it before, you shall hear. You are a judge, to condemn the guilty, and release the innocent. We are told that there is no trial like an English jury, but this I say, that many a man is hung for what he never has been guilty of. You have condemned that poor young man to death. I could have prevented it if I had chosen to speak before, but I would not, that I might prove how little there is of justice. He had nothing to do with the robbery—Phill Maddox was the man, and he is not Philip Maddox. He said that he never saw me before, nor do I believe that he ever did. As sure as I shall hang, he is innocent."

"It was but now, that when appealed to by him, you stated that you had seen him before."

"So I did, and I told the truth—I had seen him before. I saw him go to hold the gentleman's horse, but he did not see me. I stole his bundle and his stick, which he left on the bench,

and that's how they were found in our possession. Now you have the truth, and you may either acknowledge that there is little justice, by eating your own words, and letting him free, or you may hang him, rather than acknowledge that you are wrong. At all events, his blood will now be on your hands, and not mine. If Phill Maddox had not turned tail, like a coward, I should not have been here ; so I tell the truth to save him who was doing me a kind act, and to let him swing who left me in the lurch."

The judge desired that this statement might be taken down, that further inquiry might be made, intimating to the jury, that I should be respited for the present ; but of all this I was ignorant. As there was no placing confidence in the assertions of such a man as Ogle, it was considered necessary that he should repeat his assertions at the last hour of his existence, and the gaoler was ordered not to state what had passed to me, as he might excite false hopes.

When I recovered from my fit, I found myself in the gaoler's parlour, and as soon as I was able to walk, I was locked up in a condemned cell. The execution had been ordered to take place on the Thursday, and I had two days to prepare. In the meantime, the greatest interest had been excited with regard to me. My whole appearance so evidently belied the charge, that every one was in my favour. Ogle was re-questioned, and immediately gave a clue for the apprehension of Maddox, who, he said, he hoped would swing by his side.

The gaoler came to me the next day, saying, that some of the magistrates wished to speak with me; but as I had made up my mind not to reveal my former life, my only reply was, "That I begged they would allow me to have my last moments to myself." I recollected Melchior's idea of destiny, and imagined that he was right. "It was my destiny," thought I: and I remained in a state of stupor. The fact was, that I was very ill, my head was heavy, my

brain was on fire, and the throbbing of my heart could have been perceived without touching my breast.

I remained on the mattress all day, and all the next night, with my face buried in the clothes! I was too ill to raise my head. On Wednesday morning I felt myself gently pushed on the shoulder by some one; I opened my eyes; it was a clergyman. I turned away my head, and remained as before. I was then in a violent fever. He spoke for some time: occasionally I heard a word, and then relapsed into a state of mental imbecility. He sighed, and went away.

Thursday came, and the hour of death,—but time was by me unheeded, as well as eternity. In the meantime Maddox had been taken, and the contents of Armstrong's bundle found in his possession; and when he discovered that Ogle had been evidence against him, he confessed to the robbery.

Whether it was on Thursday or Friday I

knew not then, but I was lifted off the bed, and taken before somebody—something passed, but the fever had mounted up to my head, and I was in a state of stupid delirium. Strange to say, they did not perceive my condition, but ascribed it all to abject fear of death. I was led away—I had made no answer—but I was free.

CHAPTER VII.

When at the lowest spoke of Fortune's wheel, one is sure to rise as it turns round—I recover my senses and find myself amongst *Friends*.

I THINK some people shook me by the hand, and others shouted as I walked in the open air, but I recollect no more. I afterwards was informed that I had been reprieved, that I had been sent for, and a long exhortation delivered to me, for it was considered that my life must have been one of error, or I should have applied to my friends, and have given my name. My not answering was attributed to shame and confusion—my glassy eye had not been noticed

—my tottering step when led in by the gaolers attributed to other causes ; and the magistrates shook their heads as I was led out of their presence. The gaoler had asked me several times where I intended to go. At last, I had told him, *to seek my father*, and darting away from him, I had run like a madman down the street. Of course he had no longer any power over me : but he muttered, as I fled from him, “ I’ve a notion he’ll soon be locked up again, poor fellow ! it’s turned his brain for certain.”

As I tottered along, my unsteady step naturally attracted the attention of the passers by ; but they attributed it to intoxication. Thus was I allowed to wander away in a state of madness, and before night I was far from the town. What passed, and whither I had bent my steps, I cannot tell. All I know is, that after running like a maniac, seizing every body by the arm that I met, staring at them with wild and flashing eyes ; and sometimes in a solemn voice, at others in a loud, threatening tone, startling

them with the interrogatory, "Are you my father?" and then darting away, or sobbing like a child, as the humour took me, I had crossed the country, and three days afterwards I was picked up at the door of a house in the town of Reading, exhausted with fatigue and exposure, and nearly dead. When I recovered, I found myself in bed, my head shaved, my arm bound up, after repeated bleedings, and a female figure sitting by me.

"God in heaven! where am I?" exclaimed I faintly.

"Thou hast called often upon thy earthly father during the time of thy illness, friend," replied a soft voice. "It rejoiceth me much to hear thee call upon thy Father which is in heaven. Be comforted, thou art in the hands of those who will be mindful of thee. Offer up thy thanks in one short prayer, for thy return to reason, and then sink again into repose, for thou must need it much."

I opened my eyes wide, and perceived that a

young person in a Quaker's dress was sitting by the bed working with her needle; an open Bible was on a little table before her. I perceived also a cup, and parched with thirst, I merely said, "Give me to drink." She arose, and put a teaspoon to my lips; but I raised my hand, took the cup from her, and emptied it. O how delightful was that draught! I sank down on my pillow, for even that slight exertion had overpowered me, and muttering, "God, I thank thee!" I was immediately in a sound sleep, from which I did not awake for many hours. When I did, it was not daylight. A lamp was on the table, and an old man in a Quaker's dress was snoring very comfortably in the arm-chair. I felt quite refreshed with my long sleep, and was now able to recall what had passed. I remembered the condemned cell, and the mattress upon which I lay, but all after was in a state of confusion. Here and there a fact or supposition was strong in my memory; but the intervals between were

total blanks. I was, at all events, free, that I felt convinced of, and that I was in the hands of the sect who denominate themselves Quakers: but where was I? and how did I come here? I remained thinking on the past, and wondering, until the day broke, and with the daylight roused up my watchful attendant. He yawned, stretched his arms, and rising from the chair, came to the side of my bed. I looked him in the face. "Hast thou slept well, friend?" said he.

"I have slept as much as I wish, and would not disturb *you*," replied I, "for I wanted nothing."

"Peradventure I did sleep," replied the man; "watching long agreeth not with the flesh, although the spirit is most willing. Requirest thou any thing?"

"Yes," replied I, "I wish to know where I am?"

"Verily, thou art in the town of Reading in

Berkshire, and in the house of Pheneas Cophagus."

"Cophagus!" exclaimed I; "Mr. Cophagus, the surgeon and apothecary?"

"Pheneas Cophagus is his name; he hath been admitted into our sect, and hath married a daughter of our persuasion. He hath attended thee in thy fever and thy frenzy, without calling in the aid of the physician, therefore do I believe that he must be the man of whom thou speakest; yet doth he not follow up the healing art for the lucre of gain."

"And the young person who was at my bedside, is she his wife?"

"Nay, friend, she is half-sister to the wife of Pheneas Cophagus by a second marriage, and a maiden, who was named Susannah Temple at the baptismal font; but I will go to Pheneas Cophagus and acquaint him of your waking, for such were his directions."

The man then quitted the room, leaving me

quite astonished with the information he had imparted. Cophagus turned Quaker! and attending me in the town of Reading. In a short time Mr. Cophagus himself entered in his dressing-gown. "Japhet!" said he, seizing my hand with eagerness, and then, as if recollecting, he checked himself, and commenced in a slow tone, "Japhet Newland—truly glad am I—hum—verily do I rejoice—you, Ephraim—get out of the room—and so on."

"Yea, I will depart, since it is thy bidding," replied the man, quitting the room.

Mr. Cophagus then greeted me in his usual way—told me that he had found me insensible at the door of a house a little way off, and had immediately recognised me. He had brought me to his own home, but without much hope of my recovery. He then begged to know by what strange chance I had been found in such a desolate condition. I replied, "that although I was able to listen, I did not feel myself equal to the exertion of telling so long a story, and

that I should infinitely prefer that he should narrate to me what had passed since we had parted at Dublin, and how it was that I now found that he had joined the sect of Quakers."

"Peradventure—long word that—um—queer people—very good—and so on," commenced Mr. Cophagus; but as the reader will not understand his phraseology quite so well as I did, I shall give Mr. Cophagus's history in my own version.

Mr. Cophagus had returned to the small town at which he resided, and, on his arrival, he had been called upon by a gentleman who was of the Society of Friends, requesting that he would prescribe for a niece of his, who was on a visit at his house, and had been taken dangerously ill. Cophagus, with his usual kindness of heart, immediately consented, and found that Mr. Temple's report was true. For six weeks he attended the young Quakeress, and recovered her from an imminent and painful disease, in which she showed such fortitude

and resignation, and such unconquerable good temper, that when Mr. Cophagus returned to his bachelor's establishment, he could not help reflecting upon what an invaluable wife she would make, and how much more cheerful his house would be with such a domestic partner.

In short, Mr. Cophagus fell in love, and like all elderly gentlemen who have so long bottled up their affections, he became most desperately enamoured; and if he loved Miss Judith Temple when he witnessed her patience and resignation under suffering, how much more did he love her when he found that she was playful, merry, and cheerful, without being boisterous, when restored to her health. Mr. Cophagus's attentions could not be misunderstood. He told her uncle that he had thought seriously of wedding cake—white favours—marriage—family—and so on; and to the young lady he had put his cane up to his nose and prescribed, “A dose of matrimony—to be taken immediately.” To Mr. Cophagus there

was no objection raised by the lady, who was not in her teens, or by the uncle, who had always respected him as a worthy man, and a good Christian; but to marry one who was not of her persuasion, was not to be thought of. Her friends would not consent to it. Mr. Cophagus was therefore dismissed, with a full assurance that the only objection which offered was, that he was not of their society.

Mr. Cophagus walked home discomforted. He sat down on his easy chair, and found it excessively uneasy—he sat down to his solitary meal, and found that his own company was unbearable—he went to bed, but found that it was impossible to go to sleep. The next morning, therefore, Mr. Cophagus returned to Mr. Temple, and stated his wish to be made acquainted with the difference between the tenets of the Quaker persuasion and those of the Established Church. Mr. Temple gave him an outline, which appeared to Mr. Cophagus to be very satisfactory, and then referred him to

his niece for fuller particulars. When a man enters into an argument with a full desire to be convinced, and with his future happiness perhaps depending upon that conviction; and when, further, those arguments are brought forward by one of the prettiest voices, and backed by the sweetest of smiles, it is not to be wondered at his soon becoming a proselyte. Thus it was with Mr. Cophagus, who in a week, discovered that the peace, humility, and good-will, upon which the Quaker tenets are founded, were much more congenial to the true spirit of the Christian revelation than the Athanasian Creed, to be sung or said in our Established Churches; and with this conviction, Mr. Cophagus requested admission into the fraternity, and shortly after his admission, it was thought advisable by the Friends that his faith should be confirmed and strengthened by his espousal of Miss Judith Temple, with whom, at her request—and he could refuse her nothing—he had repaired to the town of

Reading, in which her relations all resided ; and Pheneas Cophagus, of the Society of Friends, declared himself to be as happy as a man could be. “ Good people, Japhet—um—honest people, Japhet—don’t fight—little stiff—spirit moves—and so on,” said Mr. Cophagus, as he concluded his narrative, and then shaking me by the hand, retired to shave and dress.

CHAPTER VIII.

I fall in love with religion when preached by one who
has the form of an angel.

IN half an hour afterwards Ephraim came in with a draught, which I was desired to take by Mr. Cophagus, and then to try and sleep. This was good advice, and I followed it. I awoke after a long, refreshing sleep, and found Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus sitting in the room, she at work and he occupied with a book. When I opened my eyes, and perceived a female, I looked to ascertain if it was the young person whom Ephraim had stated to be Susannah Temple; not that I recollected her

features exactly, but I did the contour of her person. Mrs. Cophagus was taller, and I had a fair scrutiny of her before they perceived that I was awake. Her face was very pleasing, features small and regular. She appeared to be about thirty years of age, and was studiously neat and clean in her person. Her Quaker's dress was not without some little departure from the strict fashion and form, sufficient to assist, without deviating from, its simplicity. If I might use the term, it was a little coquettish, and evinced that the wearer, had she not belonged to that sect, would have shown great taste in the adornment of her person.

Mr. Cophagus, although he did not think so himself, as I afterwards found out, was certainly much improved by his change of costume. His spindle-shanks, which, as I have before observed, were peculiarly at variance with his little orbicular, orange-shaped stomach, were now concealed in loose trowsers, which took off from the protuberance of the latter, and added

dignity to the former, blending the two together, so that his roundness became fine by degrees, and beautifully less as it descended. Altogether, the Quaker dress added very much to the substantiability of his appearance, and was a manifest improvement, especially when he wore his broad-brimmed hat. Having satisfied my curiosity, I moved the curtain so as to attract their attention, and Cophagus came to my bedside, and felt my pulse. "Good—very good—all right—little broth—throw in bark—on his legs—well as ever—and so on."

"I am indeed much better this afternoon," replied I; "indeed, so well, that I feel as if I could get up."

"Pooh:—tumble down—never do—lie a bed—get strong—wife—Mrs. Cophagus—Japhet—old friend."

Mrs. Cophagus had risen from her chair, and come towards the bed, when her husband introduced her in his own fashion. "I am afraid that I have been a great trouble, madam," said I.

“Japhet Newland, we have done but our duty, even if thou wert not, as it appears that thou art, a friend of my husband. Consider me, therefore, as thy sister, and I will regard thee as a brother; and if thou wouldst wish it, thou shalt sojourn with us, for so hath my husband communicated his wishes unto me.”

I thanked her for her kind expressions, and took the fair hand which was offered in such amity. Cophagus then asked me if I was well enough to inform him of what had passed since our last meeting, and telling me that his wife knew my whole history, and that I might speak before her, he took his seat by the side of the bed, his wife also drew her chair nearer, and I commenced the narrative of what had passed since we parted in Ireland. When I had finished, Mr. Cophagus commenced as usual, “Um—very odd—lose money—bad—grow honest—good—run away from friends—bad—not hung—good—brain fever—bad—come here—good—stay with us—quite comfortable—and so on.”

“Thou hast suffered much, friend Japhet,” said Mrs. Cophagus, wiping her eyes; “and I would almost venture to say, hast been chastised too severely, were it not that those whom He loveth, He chastiseth. Still thou art saved, and now out of danger; peradventure thou wilt now quit a vain world, and be content to live with us; nay, as thou hast the example of thy former master, it may perhaps please the Lord to advise thee to become one of us, and to join us as a Friend. My husband was persuaded to the right path by me,” continued she, looking fondly at him; “who knoweth but some of our maidens may also persuade thee to eschew a vain, unrighteous world, and follow thy Redeemer in humility?”

“Very true—um—very true,” observed Cophagus, putting more Quakerism than usual in his style, and drawing out his ums to treble their usual length; “Happy life—Japhet—um—all at peace—quiet amusements—think about it—um—no hurry—never swear—by-and-by

heh!—spirit may move—um—not now—talk about it—get well—set up shop—and so on.”

I was tired with talking so much, and having taken some nourishment, again fell asleep. When I awoke in the evening, friend Cophagus and his wife were not in the room; but Susannah Temple, whom I had first seen, and of whom I had made inquiry of Ephraim, who was Cophagus's servant. She was sitting close to the light and reading, and long did I continue to gaze upon her, fearful of interrupting her. She was the most beautiful specimen of clear and transparent white that I ever had beheld—her complexion was unrivalled—her eyes were large, but I could not ascertain their colour, as they were cast down upon her book, and hid by her long fringed eyelashes—her eyebrows arched and regular, as if drawn by a pair of compasses, and their soft hair in beautiful contrast with her snowy forehead—her hair was auburn, but mostly concealed within her cap—her nose was very straight but not very large, and her mouth

was perfection. She appeared to be between seventeen and eighteen years old, as far as I could ascertain, her figure was symmetrically perfect. Dressed as she was in the modest, simple garb worn by the females of the Society of Friends, she gave an idea of neatness, cleanliness, and propriety, upon which I could have gazed for ever. She was, indeed, most beautiful. I felt her beauty, her purity, and I could have worshipped her as an angel. While I still had my eyes fixed upon her exquisite features, she closed her book, and rising from her chair, came to the side of the bed. That she might not be startled at the idea of my having been watching her, I closed my eyes, and pretended to slumber. She resumed her seat, and then I changed my position and spoke, "Is any one there?"

"Yes, friend Newland, what is it that thou requirest?" said she, advancing. "Wouldst thou see Cophagus or Ephraim? I will summon them."

“ O no,” replied I ; “ why should I disturb them from their amusements or employments ? I have slept a long while, and I would like to read a little I think, if my eyes are not too weak.”

“ Thou must not read, but I may read unto thee,” replied Susannah. “ Tell me, what is it that thou wouldest have me read ? I have no vain books ; but surely thou thinkest not of them, after thy escape from death.”

“ I care not what is read, provided that you read to me,” replied I.

“ Nay, but thou shouldest care ; and be not wroth if I say to thee, that there is but one book to which thou shouldest now listen. Thou hast been saved from deadly peril—thou hast been rescued from the jaws of death. Art thou not thankful ? And to whom is gratitude most due, but to thy heavenly Father, who hath been pleased to spare thee ?”

“ You are right,” replied I ; “ then I pray you to read to me from the Bible.”

Susannah made no reply, but resumed her seat, and selecting those chapters most appropriate to my situation, read them in a beautiful and impressive tone.

CHAPTER IX.

Pride and love at issue—the latter is victorious—I
turn Quaker and recommence my old profession.

IF the reader will recall my narrative to his recollection, he must observe, that religion had had hitherto but little of my thoughts. I had lived the life of most who live in this world; perhaps not quite so correct in morals as many people, for my code of morality was suited to circumstances; as to religion, I had none. I had lived in the world, and for the world. I had certainly been well instructed in the tenets of our faith when I was at the

Asylum, but there, as in most other schools, it is made irksome, as a task, and is looked upon with almost a feeling of aversion. No proper religious sentiments are, or can be, inculcated to a large number of scholars ; it is the parent alone who can instil, by precept and example, that true sense of religion, which may serve as a guide through life. I had not read the Bible from the time that I quitted the Foundling Hospital. It was new to me, and when I now heard read, by that beautiful creature, passages equally beautiful, and so applicable to my situation, weakened with disease, and humbled in adversity, I was moved, even unto tears.

Susannah closed the book and came to the bedside. I thanked her : she perceived my emotion, and when I held out my hand she did not refuse hers. I kissed it, and it was immediately withdrawn, and she left the room. Shortly afterwards Ephraim made his appearance. Cophagus and his wife also came that evening, but I saw no more of Susannah Tem-

ple until the following day, when I again requested her to read to me.

I will not detain the reader by an account of my recovery. In three weeks I was able to leave the room ; during that time, I had become very intimate with the whole family, and was treated as if I belonged to it. During my illness I had certainly shown more sense of religion than I had ever done before, but I do not mean to say that I was really religious. I liked to hear the Bible read by Susannah, and I liked to talk with her upon religious subjects ; but had Susannah been an ugly old woman, I very much doubt if I should have been so attentive. It was her extreme beauty—her modesty and fervour, which so became her, which enchanted me. I felt the beauty of religion, but it was through an earthly object ; it was beautiful in her. She looked an angel, and I listened to her precepts as delivered by one. Still, whatever may be the cause by which a person's attention can be directed to so important a subject, so

generally neglected, whether by fear of death, or by love towards an earthly object, the advantages are the same ; and although very far from what I ought to have been, I certainly was, through my admiration of her, a better man.

As soon as I was on the sofa wrapped up in one of the dressing-gowns of Mr. Cophagus, he told me that the clothes in which I had been picked up were all in tatters, and asked me whether I would like to have others made according to the usual fashion, or like those with whom I should, he trusted, in future reside. I had already debated this matter in my mind. Return to the world I had resolved not to do ; to follow up the object of my search appeared to me only to involve me in difficulties ; and what were the intentions of Cophagus with regard to me, I knew not. I was hesitating, for I knew not what answer to give, when I perceived the pensive, deep blue eye of Susannah fixed upon me, watching attentively, if not eagerly, for my response.

It decided the point. "If," replied I, "you do not think that I should disgrace you, I should wish to wear the dress of the Society of Friends, although not yet one of your body."

"But soon to be, I trust," replied Mrs. Copphagus.

"Alas!" replied I, "I am an outcast;" and I looked at Susannah Temple.

"Not so, Japhet Newland," replied she, mildly; "I am pleased that thou hast of thy own accord rejected vain attire. I trust that thou wilt not find that thou art without friends."

"While I am with you," replied I, addressing myself to them all, "I consider it my duty to conform to your manners in every way, but by-and-by, when I resume my search——"

"And why shouldst thou resume a search which must prove unavailing, and but leads thee into error and misfortune? I am but young, Japhet Newland, and not perhaps so able to advise, yet doth it appear to me, that the search

can only be availing when made by those who left thee. When they wish for you they will seek thee, but thy seeking them is vain and fruitless."

"But," replied I, "recollect that inquiries have already been made at the Foundling, and those who inquired have been sent away disappointed—they will inquire no more."

"And is a parent's love so trifling, that one disappointment will drive him from seeking of his child? No, no, Japhet; if thou art yearned for, thou wilt be found, and fresh inquiries will be made; but thy search is unavailing, and already hast thou lost much time."

"True, Susannah, thy advice is good," replied Mrs. Cophagus; "in following a shadow Japhet hath much neglected the substance; it is time that thou shouldst settle thyself, and earn thy livelihood."

"And do thy duty in that path of life to which it hath pleased God to call thee," con-

tinued Susannah, who with Mrs. Cophagus walked out of the room.

Cophagus then took up the conversation, and pointing out the uselessness of my roving about, and the propriety of my settling in life, proposed that I should take an apothecary's shop, for which he would furnish the means, and that he could ensure me the custom of the whole Society of Friends in Reading, which was very large, as there was not one of the sect in that line of business. "Become one of us, Japhet—good business—marry by-and-by—happy life—little children—and so on." I thought of Susannah, and was silent. Cophagus then said, I had better reflect upon his offer, and make up my determination. If that did not suit me, he would still give me all the assistance in his power.

I did reflect long before I could make up my mind. I was still worldly inclined; still my fancy would revel in the idea of finding out

my father in high life, and, as once more appearing as a star of fashion, of returning with interest the contumely I had lately received, and re-assuming as a right that position in society which I had held under false colours.

I could not bear the idea of sinking at once into a tradesman, and probably ending my days in obscurity. Pride was still my ruling passion. Such were my first impulses, and then I looked upon the other side of the picture. I was without the means necessary to support myself; I could not return to high life without I discovered my parents in the first place, and in the second, found them to be such as my warm imagination had depicted. I had no chance of finding them. I had already been long seeking in vain. I had been twice taken up to Bow-street—nearly lost my life in Ireland—had been sentenced to death—had been insane, and recovered by a miracle, and all in prosecuting this useless search. All this had much contributed to cure me of the monomania. I agreed with

Susannah that the search must be made by the other parties, and not by me. I recalled the treatment I had received from the world—the contempt with which I had been treated—the heartlessness of high life, and the little chance of my ever again being admitted into fashionable society.

I placed all this in juxtaposition with the kindness of those with whom I now resided—what they had done already for me, and what they now offered, which was to make me independent by my own exertions. I weighed all in my mind; was still undecided, for my pride still carried its weight; when I thought of the pure, beautiful Susannah Temple, and—my decision was made. I would not lose the substance by running after shadows.

That evening, with many thanks, I accepted the kind offers of Mr. Cophagus, and expressed my determination of entering into the Society of Friends.

“Thou hast chosen wisely,” said Mrs. Co-

phagus, extending her hand to me, "and it is with pleasure that we shall receive thee."

"I welcome thee, Japhet Newland," said Susannah, also offering her hand, "and I trust that thou wilt find more happiness among those with whom thou art about to sojourn, than in the world of vanity and deceit, in which thou hast hitherto played thy part. No longer seek an earthly father, who hath deserted thee, but a heavenly Father, who will not desert thee in thy afflictions."

"You shall direct me into the right path, Susannah," replied I.

"I am too young to be a guide, Japhet," replied she, smiling; "but not too young, I hope, to be a friend."

The next day my clothes came home, and I put them on. I looked at myself in the glass, and was any thing but pleased; but as my head was shaved, it was of little consequence what I wore; so I consoled myself. Mr. Cophagus sent for a barber and ordered me a wig, which

was to be ready in a few days; when it was ready I put in on, and altogether did not dislike my appearance. I flattered myself that if I was a Quaker, at all events I was a very good looking and a very smart one; and when, a day or two afterwards, a reunion of friends took place at Mr. Cophagus's house to introduce me to them, I perceived, with much satisfaction, that there was no young man who could compete with me. After this, I was much more reconciled to my transformation.

CHAPTER X.

I prosper in every way, and become reconciled to my situation.

Mr. Copenhagus was not idle. In a few weeks he had rented a shop for me, and furnished it much better than his own in Smithfield; the upper part of the house was let off, as I was to reside with the family. When it was ready, I went over it with him, and was satisfied; all I wished for was Timothy as an assistant, but that wish was unavailing, as I knew not where to find him.

That evening I observed to Mr. Copenhagus, that I did not much like putting my name over the shop. The fact was, that my pride forbade

it, and I could not bear the idea, that Japhet Newland, at whose knock every aristocratic door had flown open, should appear in gold letters above a shop-window. "There are many reasons against it," observed I. "One is, that it is not my real name—I should like to take the name of Cophagus; another is, that the name, being so well known, may attract those who formerly knew me, and I should not wish that they should come in and mock me; another is——"

"Japhet Newland," interrupted Susannah, with more severity than I ever had seen in her sweet countenance, "do not trouble thyself with giving thy reasons, seeing thou hast given every reason but the right one, which is, that thy pride revolts at it."

"I was about to observe," replied I, "that it was a name that sounded of mammon, and not fitting for one of our persuasion. But, Susannah, you have accused me of pride, and I will now raise no further objections. Japhet New-

land it shall be, and let us speak no more upon the subject."

"If I have wronged thee, Japhet, much do I crave thy forgiveness," replied Susannah. "But it is God alone who knoweth the secrets of our hearts. I was presumptuous, and you must pardon me."

"Susannah, it is I who ought to plead for pardon; you know me better than I know myself. It was pride, and nothing but pride—but you have cured me."

"Truly have I hopes of thee now, Japhet," replied Susannah, smiling. "Those who confess their faults will soon amend them; yet I do think there is some reason in thy observation, for who knoweth, but meeting with thy former associates, thou mayst not be tempted into falling away? Thou mayst spell thy name as thou listest; and, peradventure, it would be better to disguise it."

So agreed Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, and I therefore had it written *Gnow-land*; and having

engaged a person of the society, strongly recommended to me, as an assistant, I took possession of my shop, and was very soon busy in making up prescriptions, and dispensing my medicines in all quarters of the good town of Reading.

And I was happy. I had enjoyment during the day; my profession was, at all events, liberal. I was dressed and lived as a gentleman, or rather I should say respectably. I was earning my own livelihood. I was a useful member of society, and when I retired home to meals, and late at night, I found, that if Copphagus and his wife had retired, Susannah Temple always waited up, and remained with me a few minutes. I had never been in love until I had fallen in with this perfect creature; but my love for her was not the love of the world; I could not so depreciate her—I loved her as a superior being—I loved her with fear and trembling. I felt that she was too pure, too holy, too good for a vain worldly creature

like myself. I felt as if my destiny depended upon her and her fiat; that if she favoured me, my happiness in this world and in the next were secured; that if she rejected me, I was cast away for ever. Such was my feeling for Susannah Temple, who, perfect as she was, was still a woman, and perceived her power over me; but unlike the many of her sex, exerted that power only to lead to what was right. Insensibly almost, my pride was quelled, and I became humble and religiously inclined. Even the peculiarities of the sect, their meeting at their places of worship, their drawling, and their quaint manner of talking, became no longer a subject of dislike. I found out causes and good reasons for every thing which before appeared strange—sermons in stones, and good in every thing. Months passed away—my business prospered—I had nearly repaid the money advanced by Mr. Copphagus. I was in heart and soul a Quaker, and I entered into the fraternity with a feeling that

I could act up to what I had promised. I was happy, quite happy, and yet I had never received from Susannah Temple any further than the proofs of sincere friendship. But I had much of her society, and we were now very, very intimate. I found out what warm, what devoted feelings were concealed under her modest, quiet exterior—how well her mind was stored, and how right was that mind.

Often when I talked over past events, did I listen to her remarks, all tending to one point, morality and virtue ; often did I receive from her at first a severe, but latterly a kind rebuke, when my discourse was light and frivolous ; but when I talked of merry subjects which were innocent, what could be more joyous or more exhilarating than her laugh—what more intoxicating than her sweet smile, when she approved of my sentiments ! and when animated by the subject, what could be more musical or more impassioned than her bursts of eloquence, which were invariably followed by a deep blush, when she

recollected how she had been carried away by excitement ?

There was one point upon which I congratulated myself, which was, that she had received two or three unexceptionable offers of marriage during the six months that I had been in her company, and refused them. At the end of that period, thanks to the assistance I received from the Friends, I had paid Mr. Cophagus all the money which he had advanced, and found myself in possession of a flourishing business, and independent. I then requested that I might be allowed to pay an annual stipend for my board and lodging, commencing from the time I first came to his house. Mr. Cophagus said I was right—the terms were easily arranged, and I was independent.

Still my advances with Susannah were slow, but if slow, they were sure. One day I observed to her, how happy Mr. Cophagus appeared to be as a married man ; her reply was, “ He is, Japhet ; he has worked hard for his independence,

and he now is reaping the fruits of his industry.” That is as much as to say that I must do the same, thought I, and that I have no business to propose for a wife, until I am certain that I am able to provide for her. I have as yet laid up nothing, and an income is not a capital. I felt that whether a party interested or not, she was right, and I redoubled my diligence.

CHAPTER XI.

A variety of the Quaker tribe—who had a curious disintegration of mind and body.

I WAS not yet weaned from the world, but I was fast advancing to that state, when a very smart young Quaker came on a visit to Reading. He was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, and was soon, as might be expected, an admirer of Susannah, but he received no encouragement. He was an idle person, and passed much of his time sitting in my shop, and talking with me, and being much less reserved and unguarded than the generality of the young men of the

sect, I gradually became intimate with him. One day when my assistant was out he said to me, "Friend Gnow-land, tell me candidly, hast thou ever seen my face before?"

"Not that I can recollect, friend Talbot."

"Then my recollection is better than yours, and now having obtained thy friendship as one of the society, I will remind thee of our former acquaintance. When thou wert Mr. N-e-w-land, walking about town with Major Carbonnel, I was Lieutenant Talbot, of the —— Dragoon Guards."

I was dumb with astonishment, and I stared him in the face.

"Yes," continued he, bursting into laughter, "such is the fact. You have thought, perhaps, that you were the only man of fashion who had ever been transformed into a Quaker; now you behold another, so no longer imagine yourself the Phoenix of your tribe."

"I do certainly recollect that name," replied I; "but although, as you must be acquainted

with my history, it is very easy to conceive why I have joined the society, yet, upon what grounds you can have so done, is to me inexplicable."

"Newland, it certainly does require explanation; it has been, I assert, my misfortune, and not my fault. Not that I am not happy. On the contrary, I feel that I am now in my proper situation. I ought to have been born of Quaker parents—at all events, I was born a Quaker in disposition; but I will come to-morrow early, and then, if you will give your man something to do out of the way, I will tell you my history. I know that you will keep my secret."

The next morning he came, and as soon as we were alone he imparted to me what follows.

"I recollect well, Newland, when you were one of the leaders of fashion, I was then in the Dragoon Guards, and although not very intimate with you, had the honour of a recognition when we met at parties. I cannot help laugh-

ing, upon my soul, when I look at us both now ; but never mind. I was of course a great deal with my regiment, and at the club. My father, as you may not perhaps be aware, was highly connected, and all the family have been brought up in the army ; the question of profession has never been mooted by us, and every Talbot has turned out a soldier as naturally as a young duck takes to the water. Well, I entered the army, admired my uniform, and was admired by the young ladies. Before I received my lieutenant's commission, my father, the old gentleman, died, and left me a younger brother's fortune of four hundred per annum ; but, as my uncle said, ' It was quite enough for a Talbot, who would push himself forward in his profession, as the Talbots had ever done before him.' I soon found out that my income was not sufficient to enable me to continue in the Guards, and my uncle was very anxious that I should exchange into a regiment on service. I therefore, by purchase, obtained a company in

the 23rd, ordered out to reduce the French colonies in the West Indies, and I sailed with all the expectation of covering myself with as much glory as the Talbots had done from time immemorial. We landed, and in a short time the bullets and grape were flying in all directions, and then I discovered, what I declare never for a moment came into my head before, to wit—that I had mistaken my profession.”

“How do you mean, Talbot?”

“Mean! why, that I was deficient in a certain qualification, which never was before denied to a Talbot—courage.”

“And you never knew that before?”

“Never, upon my honour; my mind was always full of courage. In my mind’s eye I built castles of feats of bravery, which should eclipse all the Talbots, from him who burnt Joan of Arc, down to the present day. I assure you, that surprised as other people were, no one was more surprised than myself. Our regiment was ordered to advance, and I led on my com-

pany ; the bullets flew like hail. I tried to go on, but I could not ; at last, notwithstanding all my endeavours to the contrary, I fairly took to my heels. I was met by the commanding officer—in fact, I ran right against him. He ordered me back, and I returned to my regiment, not feeling at all afraid. Again I was in the fire, again I resisted the impulse, but it was of no use, and at last, just before the assault took place, I ran away as if the devil was after me. Wasn't it odd ?”

“ Very odd, indeed,” replied I, laughing.

“ Yes, but you do not exactly understand why it was odd. You know what philosophers tell you about volition ; and that the body is governed by the mind, consequently obeys it ; now, you see, in my case, it was exactly reversed. I tell you, that it is a fact, that in mind I am as brave as any man in existenece ; but I had a cowardly carcass, and what is still worse, it proved the master of my mind, and ran away with it. I had no mind to run away ; on the

contrary, I wished to have been of the forlorn hope, and had volunteered, but was refused. Surely, if I had not courage I should have avoided such a post of danger. Is it not so?"

"It certainly appears strange, that you should volunteer for the forlorn hope, and then run away."

"That's just what I say. I have the soul of the 'Talbots, but a body which don't belong to the family, and too powerful for the soul."

"So it appears. Well, go on."

"It was go off, instead of going on. I tried again that day to mount the breach, and as the fire was over, I succeeded; but there was a mark against me, and it was intimated that I should have an opportunity of redeeming my character."

"Well?"

"There was a fort to be stormed the next day, and I requested to lead my company in advance. Surely that was no proof of want of courage? Permission was granted. We were

warmly received, and I felt that my legs refused to advance ; so what did I do—I tied my sash round my thigh, and telling the men that I was wounded, requested they would carry me to the attack. Surely that was courage?"

"Most undoubtedly so. It was like a Talbot."

"We were at the foot of the breach ; when the shot flew about me, I kicked and wrestled so, that the two men who carried me were obliged to let me go, and my rascally body was at liberty. I say unfortunately, for only conceive, if they had carried me wounded up the breach, what an heroic act it would have been considered on my part ; but fate decided it otherwise . If I had lain still when they dropped me, I should have done well, but I was anxious to get up the breach, that is, my mind was so bent ; but as soon as I got on my legs, confound them if they didn't run away with me, and then I was found half a mile from the fort with a pretended wound. That was enough ; I had a

hint that the sooner I went home the better. On account of the family I was permitted to sell out, and I then walked the streets as a private gentleman, but no one would speak to me. I argued the point with several, but they were obstinate, and would not be convinced; they said that it was no use talking about being brave, if I ran away."

"They were not philosophers, Talbot."

"No; they could not comprehend how the mind and the body could be at variance. It was no use arguing—they would have it that the movements of the body depended upon the mind, and that I had made a mistake—and that I was a coward in soul as well as body."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Oh, I did nothing! I had a great mind to knock them down, but as I knew my body would not assist me, I thought it better to leave it alone. However, they taunted me so, by calling me fighting Tom, that my uncle shut his door upon me as a disgrace to the family,

saying, he wished the first bullet had laid me dead—very kind of him;—at last my patience was worn out, and I looked about to find whether there were not some people who did not consider courage as a *sine quâ non*. I found that the Quakers' tenets were against fighting, and therefore courage could not be necessary, so I have joined them, and I find that, if not a good soldier, I am, at all events, a very respectable Quaker; and now you have the whole of my story—and tell me if you are of my opinion."

"Why, really it's a very difficult point to decide. I never heard such a case of disintegration before. I must think upon it."

"Of course, you will not say a word about it, Newland."

"Never fear, I will keep your secret, Talbot. How long have you worn the dress?"

"Oh, more than a year. By-the-bye, what a nice young person that Susannah Temple is. I've a great mind to propose for her."

"But you must first ascertain what your

body says to it, Talbot," replied I, sternly. "I allow no one to interfere with me, Quaker or not."

"My dear fellow, I beg your pardon, I shall think no more about her," said Talbot, rising up, as he observed that I looked very fierce. "I wish you a good morning. I leave Reading to-morrow. I will call on you, and say good-by, if I can;" and I saw no more of Friend Talbot, whose mind was all courage, but whose body was so renegade.

CHAPTER XII.

I fall in with Timothy.

ABOUT a month after this, I heard a sailor with one leg, and a handfull of ballads, singing in a most lachrymal tone,

“ Why, what’s that to you if my eyes I’m a wiping ?
A tear is a pleasure, d’ye see, in its way”—

“ Bless your honour, shy a copper to Poor Jack, who’s lost his leg in the sarvice. Thanky, your honour,” and he continued,

“ It’s nonsense for trifles, I own, to be piping,
But they who can’t pity—why I pities they.
Says the captain, says he ; I shall never forget it,
Of courage, you know, boys, the true from the sham.”

“Back your maintopsail, your worship, for half a minute, and just assist a poor dismantled craft, who has been riddled in the wars.—‘ ’Tis a furious lion.’ Long life to your honour—‘ In battle so let it—’

“ ’Tis a furious lion, in battle so let it ;
But duty appeased—but duty appeased—

“Buy a song, young woman, to sing to your sweetheart, while you sit on his knee in the dog-watch—

“ But duty appeased ’tis the heart of a lamb.”

I believe there are few people who do not take a strong interest in the English sailor, particularly in one who has been maimed in the defence of his country. I always have, and as I heard the poor disabled fellow bawling out his ditty, certainly not with a very remarkable voice or execution, I pulled out the drawer behind the counter, and took out some halfpence to give him. When I caught his eye I beck-

oned to him, and he entered the shop. "Here, my good fellow," said I, "although a man of peace myself, yet I feel for those who suffer in the wars;" and I put the money to him.

"May your honour never know a banyan day," replied the sailor; "and a sickly season for you, into the bargain."

"Nay, friend, that is not a kind wish to others," replied I.

The sailor fixed his eyes earnestly upon me, as if in astonishment, for, until I had answered, he had not looked at me particularly.

"What are you looking at?" said I.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed he. "It is—yet it cannot be!"

"Cannot be! what, friend?"

He ran out of the door, and read the name over the shop, and then came in, and sank upon a chair outside of the counter. "Japhet—I have found you at last!" exclaimed he, faintly.

"Good Heaven! who are you?"

He threw off his hat, with false ringlets fas-

tened to the inside of it, and I beheld *Timothy*. In a moment I sprang over the counter, and was in his arms. "Is it possible," exclaimed I, after a short silence on both sides, "that I find you, Timothy, a disabled sailor?"

"Is it possible, Japhet," replied Timothy, "that I find you a broad-brimmed Quaker?"

"Even so, Timothy. I am really and truly one."

"Then you are less disguised than I am," replied Timothy, kicking off his wooden leg, and letting down his own, which had been tied up to his thigh, and concealed in his wide blue trowsers. "I am no more a sailor than you are, Japhet, and since you left me have never yet seen the salt water, which I talk and sing so much about."

"Then thou hast been deceiving, Timothy, which I regret much."

"Now I do perceive that you are a Quaker," replied Tim; "but do not blame me until you have heard my story. Thank God, I have

found you at last. But tell me, Japhet, you will not send me away—will you? If your dress is changed, your heart is not. Pray answer me, before I say any thing more. You know I can be useful here.”

“Indeed, Timothy, I have often wished for you since I have been here, and it will be your own fault if I part with you. You shall assist me in the shop; but you must dress like me.”

“Dress like you! have I not always dressed like you? When we started from Cophagus’s, were we not dressed much alike? did we not wear spangled jackets together? did I not wear your livery, and belong to you? I’ll put on any thing, Japhet—but we must not part again.”

“My dear Timothy, I trust we shall not; but I expect my assistant here soon, and do not wish that he should see you in that garb. Go to a small public-house at the farther end of this street, and when you see me pass, come out to me, and we will walk out into the country, and consult together.”

“ I have put up at a small house not far off, and have some clothes there; I will alter my dress and meet you. God bless you Japhet.”

Timothy then picked up his ballads, which were scattered on the floor, put up his leg, and putting on his wooden stump, hastened away, after once more silently pressing my hand.

In half an hour my assistant returned, and I desired him to remain in the shop, as I was going out on business. I then walked to the appointed rendezvous, and was soon joined by Tim, who had discarded his sailor's disguise, and was in what is called a shabby genteel sort of dress. After the first renewed greeting, I requested Tim to let me know what had occurred to him since our separation.

“ You cannot imagine, Japhet, what my feelings were when I found, by your note, that you had left me. I had perceived how unhappy you had been for a long while, and I was equally distressed, although I knew not the cause. I had no idea until I got your letter, that you

had lost all your money ; and I felt it more unkind of you to leave me then, than if you had been comfortable and independent. As for looking after you, that I knew would be useless ; and I immediately went to Mr. Masterton, to take his advice as to how I should proceed. Mr. Masterton had received your letter, and appeared to be very much annoyed. ‘ Very foolish boy,’ said he, ‘ but there is nothing that can be done now. He is mad, and that is all that can be said in his excuse. You must do as he tells you, I suppose, and try the best for yourself. I will help you in any way that I can, my poor fellow,’ said he, ‘ so don’t cry.’ I went back to the house and collected together your papers, which I sealed up. I knew that the house was to be given up in a few days. I sold the furniture, and made the best I could of the remainder of your wardrobe, and other things of value that you had left ; indeed, every thing, with the exception of the dressing-case and pistols, which had belonged to Major Carbon-

nell, and I thought you might perhaps some day like to have them."

"How very kind of you, Timothy, to think of me in that way! I shall indeed be glad; but no—what have I to do with pistols or silver dressing-cases now? I must not have them, but still I thank you all the same."

"The furniture and every thing else fetched 430*l.*, after all expenses were paid."

"I am glad of it, Timothy, for your sake; but I am sorry, judging by your present plight, that it appears to have done you but little good."

"Because I did not make use of it, Japhet. What could I do with all that money? I took it to Mr. Masterton, with all your papers, and the dressing-case and pistols:—he has it now ready for you when you ask for it. He was very kind to me, and offered to do any thing for me; but I resolved to go in search of you. I had more money in my pocket when you went away than I generally have, and with the sur-

plus of what you left for the bills, I had twelve or fourteen pounds. So I wished Mr. Masterton good-by, and have ever since been on my adventures in search of my master."

"Not master, Timothy, say rather of your friend."

"Well, of both if you please, Japhet; and very pretty adventures I have had, I assure you, and some very hair-breadth escapes."

"I think, when we compare notes, mine will be found most eventful, Timothy; but we can talk of them, and compare notes another time. At present, whom do you think I am residing with?"

"A Quaker, I presume."

"You have guessed right so far: but who do you think that Quaker is?"

"There I'm at fault."

"Mr. Cophagus."

At this intelligence Timothy gave a leap in the air, turned round on his heel, and tumbled on the grass in a fit of immoderate laughter.

“Cophagus!—a Quaker!” cried he at last. “Oh! I long to see him. Snuffle, snuffle—broad brims—wide skirts—and so on. Capital!”

“It is very true, Timothy, but you must not mock at the persuasion.”

“I did not intend it, Japhet, but there is something to me so ridiculous in the idea. But,” continued Timothy, “is it not still stranger, that, after having separated so many years, we should all meet again—and that I should find Mr. Cophagus—an apothecary’s shop—you dispensing medicines—and I—as I hope to be—carrying them about as I did before. Well, I will row in the same boat, and I will be a Quaker as well as you both.”

“Well, we will now return, and I will take you to Mr. Cophagus, who will, I am sure, be glad to see you.”

“First, Japhet, let me have some Quaker’s clothes—I should prefer it.”

“You shall have a suit of mine, Timothy,

since you wish it ; but recollect it is not at all necessary, nor indeed will it be permitted that you enter into the sect without preparatory examination as to your fitness for admission."

I then went to the shop, and sending out the assistant, walked home and took out a worn suit of clothes, with which I hastened to Timothy. He put them on in the shop, and then walking behind the counter, said, " This is my place, and here I shall remain as long as you do."

" I hope so, Timothy ; as for the one who is with me at present, I can easily procure him other employment, and he will not be sorry to go, for he is a married man, and does not like the confinement."

" I have some money," said Timothy, taking out of his old clothes a dirty rag, and producing nearly twenty pounds. " I am well off, you see."

" You are, indeed," replied I.

" Yes, there is nothing like being a sailor with one leg, singing ballads. Do you know,

Japhet, that sometimes I have taken more than a *pound* a day since I have shammed the sailor?"

"Not very honestly, Tim."

"Perhaps not, Japhet; but it is very strange, and yet very true, that when honest I could make nothing, and when I deceived, I have done very well."

CHAPTER XIII.

Timothy commences his narrative of his search after Japhet.

I COULD not help calling to mind that the same consequences as Timothy related in the last chapter had occurred to me during my eventful career; but I had long considered that there was no excuse for dishonesty, and that, in the end, it would only lead to exposure and disgrace. I went home early in the evening to introduce Timothy to Mr. Cophagus, who received him with great kindness, and agreed immediately that he ought to be with me in the shop. Timothy paid his respects to the ladies, and then went down with Ephraim, who took him under

his protection. In a few days, he was as established with us as if he had been living with us for months. I had some trouble, at first, in checking his vivacity and turn for ridicule ; but that was gradually effected, and I found him not only a great acquisition, but, as he always was, a cheerful and affectionate companion. I had, during the first days of our meeting, recounted my adventures, and made many inquiries of Timothy relative to my few friends. He told me that from Mr. Masterton he had learnt that Lady de Clare and Fleta had called upon him very much afflicted with the contents of my letter—that Lord Windermear also had been very much vexed and annoyed—that Mr. Masterton had advised him to obtain another situation as a valet, which he had refused, and, at the same time, told him his intention of searching for me. He had promised Mr. Masterton to let him know if he found me, and then bade him farewell.

“ I used to lie in bed, Japhet,” continued

Timothy, “ and think upon the best method of proceeding. At last, I agreed to myself, that to look for you as you looked after your father, would be a wild-goose chase, and that my money would soon be gone ; so I reflected whether I might not take up some roving trade which would support me, and, at the same time, enable me to proceed from place to place. What do you think was my first speculation ? Why, I saw a man with a dog harnessed in a little cart, crying dog’s meat and cat’s meat, and I said to myself, ‘ Now there’s the very thing—there’s a profession—I can travel and earn my livelihood.’ I entered into conversation with him, as he stopped at a low public-house, treating him to a pot of beer ; and having gained all I wanted as to the mysteries of the profession, I called for another pot, and proposed that I should purchase his whole concern, down to his knife and apron. The fellow agreed, and after a good deal of bargaining, I paid him three guineas for the *set out* or *set up*,

which you please. He asked me whether I meant to hawk in London or not, and I told him no, that I should travel the country. He advised the western road, as there were more populous towns in it. Well, we had another pot to clench the bargain, and I paid down the money and took possession, quite delighted with my new occupation. Away I went to Brentford, selling a bit here and there by the way, and at last arrived at the very bench where we had sat down together and eaten our meal."

"It is strange that I did the same, and a very unlucky bench it proved to me."

"So it did to me, as you shall hear. I had taken up my quarters at that inn, and for three days had done very well in Brentford. On the third evening I had just come back, it was nearly dusk, and I took my seat on the bench, thinking of you. My dog, rather tired, was lying down before the cart, when all of a sudden I heard a sharp whistle. The dog

sprang on his legs immediately, and ran off several yards before I could prevent him. The whistle was repeated, and away went the dog and cart like lightning. I ran as fast as I could, but could not overtake him; and I perceived that his old master was running a-head of the dog as hard as he could, and this was the reason why the dog was off. Still I should, I think, have overtaken him, but an old woman coming out of a door with a saucepan to pour the hot water into the gutter, I knocked her down and tumbled right over her into a cellar without steps. There I was, and before I could climb out again, man, dog, cart, cat's meat and dog's meat, had all vanished, and I have never seen them since. The rascal got clear off, and I was a bankrupt. So much for my first set up in business."

"You forgot to purchase the *goodwill* when you made your bargain, Timothy, for the stock in trade."

"Very true, Japhet. However, after re-

ceiving a very fair share of abuse from the old woman, and a plaister of hot greens in my face—for she went supperless to bed, rather than not have her revenge—I walked back to the inn, and sat down in the tap. The two men next to me were hawkers; one carried a large pack of dimities and calicoes, and the other a box full of combs, needles, tapes, scissors, knives, and mock-gold trinkets. I entered into conversation with them, and, as I again stood treat, I soon was very intimate. They told me what their profits were, and how they contrived to get on, and I thought, for a rambling life, it was by no means an unpleasant one; so having obtained all the information I required, I went back to town, took out a hawker's license, for which I paid two guineas, and purchasing at a shop, to which they gave me a direction, a pretty fair quantity of articles in the tape and scissor line, off I set once more on my travels. I took the north road this time, and picked up a very comfortable subsistence,

selling my goods for a few halfpence here, and a few halfpence there, at the cottages as I passed by; but I soon found out, that without a newspaper, I was not a confirmed hawker, and the more radical the newspaper the better. A newspaper will pay half the expenses of a hawker, if he can read. At every house, particularly every small hedge ale-house, he is received, and placed in the best corner of the chimney, and has his board and lodging, with the exception of what he drinks, gratis, if he will pull out the newspaper and read it to those around him who cannot read, particularly if he can explain what is unintelligible. Now I became a great politician, and, moreover, a great radical, for such were the politics of all the lower classes. I lived well, slept well, and sold my wares very fast. I did not take more than three shillings in the day, yet, as two out of the three were clear profit, I did pretty well. However, a little accident happened which obliged me to change my profession, or

at least, the nature of the articles which I dealt in."

"What was that?"

"A mere trifle. I had arrived late at a small ale-house, had put up my pack, which was in a painted deal box, on the table in the tap-room, and was very busy, after reading a paragraph in the newspaper, making a fine speech, which I always found was received with great applause, and many shakes of the hand, as a prime good fellow—a speech about community of rights, agrarian division, and the propriety of an equal distribution of property, proving that, as we were all born alike, no one had a right to have more property than his neighbour. The people had all gathered round me, applauding violently, when I thought I might as well look after my pack, which had been for some time hidden from my sight by the crowd, when, to my mortification, I found out that my earnest assertions on the propriety of community of property had had such an in-

fluence upon some of my listeners, that they had walked off with my pack and its contents. Unfortunately, I had deposited in my boxes all my money, considering it safer there than in my pockets, and had nothing left but about seventeen shillings in silver, which I had received within the last three days. Every one was very sorry, but no one knew any thing about it; and when I challenged the landlord as answerable, he called me a radical black-guard, and turned me out of the door."

"If you had looked a little more after your own property, and interfered less with that of other people, you would have done better, Tim," observed I, laughing.

"Very true; but, at all events, I have never been a radical since," replied Tim. "But to go on. I walked off to the nearest town, and I commenced in a more humble way. I purchased a basket, and then, with the remainder of my money, I bought the commonest crockery ware, such as basins, jugs, mugs, and putting

them on my head, off I went again upon my new speculation. I wandered about with my crockery, but it was hard work. I could not reap the profits which I did as a hawker and pedlar. I averaged, however, from seven to nine shillings a week and that was about sufficient for my support. I went down into as many kitchens as would have sufficed to have found a dozen mothers, supposing mine to be a cook ; but I did not see any one who was at all like me. Sometimes a cook replaced a basin she had broken, by giving me as much meat as had cost her mistress five shillings, and thus avoided a scolding, for an article which was worth only twopence. At other times, a cottager would give me a lodging, and would consider himself rewarded with a mug that only cost me one penny. I was more than three months employed carrying crockery in every direction, and never, during the whole time, broke one article, until one day, as I passed through Eton, there was a regular smash of the whole concern."

“ Indeed, how was that ? ”

“ I met about a dozen of the Eton boys, and they proposed a cockshy, as they called it ; that is, I was to place my articles on the top of a post, and they were to throw stones at them at a certain distance, paying me a certain sum for each throw. Well, this I thought a very good bargain, so I put up a mug (worth one penny) at one penny a throw. It was knocked down at the second shot, so it was just as well to put the full price upon them at once, they were such remarkable good aimers at any thing. Each boy had a stick, upon which I notched off their throws, and how much they would have to pay when all was over. One article after another was put on the post until my basket was empty, and then I wanted to settle with them ; but as soon as I talked about that, they all burst out into a loud laugh, and took to their heels. I chased them, but one might as well have chased eels. If I got hold of one, the others pulled me behind until he escaped, and

at last they were all off, and I had nothing left."

"Not your basket?"

"No, not even that; for while I was busy after some that ran one way, the others kicked my basket before them like a foot-ball, until it was fairly out of sight. I had only eight-pence in my pocket, so you perceive, Japhet, how I was going down in the world."

"You were indeed, Tim."

CHAPTER XIV.

Timothy finishes his narrative.

“WELL, I walked away, cursing all the Eton boys and all their tutors, who did not teach them honesty as well as Latin and Greek, and put up at a very humble sort of abode, where they sold small beer, and gave beds at two-pence per night, and I may add, with plenty of fleas in the bargain. There I fell in with some ballad singers and mumpers, who were making very merry, and who asked me what was the matter. I told them how I had been treated, and they laughed at me, but gave me some supper, so I

forgave them. An old man, who governed the party, then asked me whether I had any money. I produced my enormous capital of eight-pence. ‘Quite enough if you are clever,’ said he; ‘quite enough—many a man with half that sum has ended in rolling in his carriage. A man with thousands has only the advance of you a few years. You will pay for your lodging and then spend this sixpence in matches, and hawk them about the town. If you are lucky, it will be a shilling by to-morrow night. Besides, you go down into areas, and sometimes enter a kitchen, when the cook is above stairs. There are plenty of things to be picked up.’ ‘But I am not dishonest,’ said I. ‘Well, then, every man to his liking; only if you were, you would ride in your own coach the sooner.’ ‘And suppose I should lose all this, or none would buy my matches, what then?’ replied I, ‘I shall starve.’ ‘Starve—no, no—no one starves in this country; all you have to do is to get into gaol—committed for a month—you will

live better perhaps than you ever did before. I have been in every gaol in England, and I know the good ones, for even in gaols there is a great difference. Now the one in this town is one of the best in all England, and I patronizes it during the winter.' I was much amused with the discourse of this mumper, who appeared to be one of the merriest old vagabonds in England. I took his advice, bought six pennyworth of matches, and commenced my new vagrant speculation.

“ The first day I picked up three-pence, for one quarter of my stock, and returned to the same place where I had slept the night before, but the fraternity had quitted on an expedition. I spent my twopence in bread and cheese, and paid one penny for my lodging, and again I started the next morning, but I was very unsuccessful; nobody appeared to want matches that day, and after walking from seven o'clock in the morning, to past seven in the evening, without selling one farthing's worth, I sat down

at the porch of a chapel, quite tired and worn out. At last, I fell asleep, and how do you think I was awoke? by a strong sense of suffocation, and up I sprang, coughing, and nearly choked, surrounded with smoke. Some mischievous boys perceiving that I was fast asleep, had set fire to my matches, as I held them in my hand between my legs, and I did not wake until my fingers were severely burnt. There was an end of my speculation in matches, because there was an end of all my capital."

"My poor Timothy, I really feel for you."

"Not at all, my dear Japhet; I never, in all my distress, was sentenced to execution—my miseries were trifles, to be laughed at. However, I felt very miserable at the time, and walked off, thinking about the propriety of getting into gaol as soon as I could, for the beggar had strongly recommended it. I was at the outskirts of the town, when I perceived two men tussling with one another, and I walked towards them. 'I says,' says one, who appear-

ed to be a constable; 'you must come along with I. Don't you see that ere board? All wagrants shall be taken up, and dealt with according to *la*.' 'Now may the devil hold you in his claws, you old psalm-singing thief—an't I a sailor—and an't I a wagrant by profession, and all according to law?' 'That won't do,' says the other; 'I commands you in the king's name, to let me take you to prison, and I commands you also, young man,' says he—for I had walked up to them—'I commands you, as a lawful subject, to assist me.' 'What will you give the poor fellow for his trouble?' said the sailor. 'It's his duty, as a lawful subject, and I'll give him nothing; but I'll put him in prison if he don't.' 'Then you old Rhinoceros, I'll give him five shillings if he'll help me, and so now he may take his choice.' At all events, thought I, this will turn out lucky one way or the other; but I will support the man who is most generous; so I went up to the constable, who was a

burley sort of a fellow, and tripped up his heels, and down he came on the back of his head. You know my old trick, Japhet ? ”

“ Yes ; I never knew you fail at that.”

“ ‘ Well,’ the sailor says to me, ‘ I’ve a notion you’ve damaged his upper works, so let us start off, and clap on all sail for the next town. I know where to drop an anchor. Come along with me, and as long as I’ve a shot in the locker, d—n me if I won’t share it with one who has proved a friend in need.’ The constable did not come to his senses ; he was very much stunned, but we loosened his neckcloth, and left him there, and started off as fast as we could. My new companion, who had a wooden leg, stopped by a gate, and clambered over it. ‘ We must lose no time,’ said he ; ‘ and I may just as well have the benefit of both legs.’ So saying, he took off his wooden stump, and let down his real leg, which was fixed up just as you saw mine. I made no comments, but off we set, and at a good round pace gained a village

about five miles distant. 'Here we will put up for the night ; but they will look for us to-morrow at day-light, or a little after, therefore we must be starting early. I know the law-beggars well, they won't turn out afore sunrise. He stopped at a paltry ale-house, where we were admitted, and soon were busy with a much better supper than I had ever imagined they could have produced ; but my new friend ordered right and left, with a tone of authority, and every body in the house appeared at his beck and command. After a couple of glasses of grog, we retired to our beds.

"The next morning we started before break of day, on our road to another town, where my companion said the constables would never take the trouble to come after him. On our way he questioned me as to my mode of getting my livelihood, and I narrated how unfortunate I had been. 'One good turn deserves another,' replied the sailor ; 'and now I'll set you up in trade. Can you sing ? Have you any thing of

a voice?' 'I can't say that I have,' replied I. 'I don't mean whether you can sing in tune, or have a good voice, that's no consequence; all I want to know is, have you a good loud one?' 'Loud enough, if that's all.' 'That's all that's requisite; so long as you can make yourself heard—you may then howl like a jackall, or bellow like a mad buffalo, no matter which—as many pay us for to get rid of us, as out of charity; and so long as the money comes, what's the odds? Why, I once knew an old chap, who could only play one tune on the clarionet, and that tune out of all tune, who made his fortune in six or seven streets, for every one gave him money, and told him to go away. When he found out that, he came every morning as regular as clock-work. Now there was one of the streets which was chiefly occupied by music sellers and Italian singers—for them foreigners always herd together—and this tune, 'which the old cow died of,' as the saying is, used to be their horror, and out came the half-

pence to send him away. There was a sort of club also in that street, of larking sort of young men, and when they perceived that the others gave the old man money to get rid of his squeaking, they sent him out money, with orders to stay and play to them, so then the others sent out more for him to go away, and between the two, the old fellow brought home more money than all the cadgers and mumpers in the district. Now if you have a loud voice, I can provide you with all the rest.’—‘Do you gain your livelihood by that?’—‘To be sure I do; and I can tell you, that of all the trades going, there is none equal to it. You see, my hearty, I have been on board of a man-of-war—not that I’m a sailor, or was ever bred to the sea—but I was shipped as a landsman, and did duty in the waist and afterguard. I know little or nothing of my duty as a seaman, nor was it required in the station I was in, so I never learnt, although I was four years on board; all I learnt was the lingo and slang—and that you must contrive to

learn from me. I bolted, and made my way good to Lunnun, but I should soon have been picked up and put on board the Tender again, if I hadn't got this wooden stump made, which I now carry in my hand. I had plenty of songs, and I commenced my profession, and a real good un it is, I can tell you. Why, do you know, that a'ter a good victory, I have sometimes picked up as much as two pounds a-day, for weeks running; as it is, I averages from fifteen shillings to a pound. Now, as you helped me away from that land shark, who would soon have found out that I had two legs, and have put me into limbo as an impostor, I will teach you to arn your livelihood after my fashion. You shall work with me until you are fit to start alone, and then there's plenty of room in England for both of us; but mind, never tell any one what you pick up, or every mumper in the island will put on a suit of sailor's clothes, and the thing will be blown upon.' Of course, this was too good an offer to be rejected, and I

joyfully acceded. At first, I worked with him as having only one arm, the other being tied down to my side, and my jacket sleeve hanging loose and empty, and we roared away right and left, so as to bring down a shower of coppers wherever we went. In about three weeks my friend thought I was able to start by myself, and giving me half of the ballads, and five shillings to start with, I shook hands and parted with, next to you, the best friend that I certainly ever had. Ever since I have been crossing the country in every direction, with plenty of money in my pocket, and always with one eye looking sharp out for you. My beautiful voice fortunately attracted your attention, and here I am, and at an end of my history ; but if ever I am away from you, and in distress again, depend upon it I shall take to my wooden leg and ballads for my support."

Such were the adventures of Timothy, who was metamorphosed into a precise Quaker. "I do not like the idea of your taking up a

system of deceit, Timothy. It may so happen—for who knows what may occur?—that you may again be thrown upon your own resources. Now, would it not be better that you should obtain a more intimate knowledge of the profession which we are now in, which is liberal, and equally profitable? By attention and study you will be able to dispense medicines and make up prescriptions as well as myself, and who knows but that some day you may be the owner of a shop like this?”

“ Verily, verily, thy words do savour of much wisdom,” replied Tim, in a grave voice ; “ and I will even so follow thy advice.”

CHAPTER XV.

I am unsettled by unexpected intelligence, and again
yearn after the world of fashion.

I KNEW that he was mocking me in this reply, but I paid no attention to that; I was satisfied that he consented. I now made him assist me, and under my directions he made up the prescriptions. I explained to him the nature of every medicine; and I made him read many books of physic and surgery. In short, after two or three months, I could trust to Timothy as well as if I were in the shop myself; and having an errand boy, I had much more leisure,

and I left him in charge after dinner. The business prospered, and I was laying up money. My leisure time, I hardly need say, was spent with Mr. Cophagus and his family, and my attachment to Susannah Temple increased every day. Indeed, both Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus considered that it was to be a match, and often joked with me when Susannah was not present. With respect to Susannah, I could not perceive that I was farther advanced in her affections than after I had known her two months. She was always kind and considerate, evidently interested in my welfare, always checking in me any thing like levity—frank and confiding in her opinions—and charitable to all, as I thought, except to me. But I made no advance that I could perceive. The fact was, that I dared not speak to her as I might have done to another who was not so perfect. And yet she smiled, as I thought, more kindly when I returned than at other times, and never appeared to be tired of my

company. If I did sometimes mention the marriage of another, or attentions paid which would, in all probability, end in marriage, it would create no confusion or blushing on her part, she would talk over that subject as composedly as any other. I was puzzled, and I had been a year and nine months constantly in her company, and had never dared to tell her that I loved her. But one day Mr. Cophagus brought up the subject when we were alone. He commenced by stating how happy he had been as a married man, that he had given up all hopes of a family, and that he should like to see Susannah Temple, his sister-in-law, well married, that he might leave his property to her children; and then he put the very pertinent question—"Japhet—verily—thou hast done well—good business—money coming in fast—settle, Japhet—marry have children—and so on. Susannah—nice girl—good wife—pop question—all right—sly puss—won't say no—um—what d'ye say?—and so

on." I replied that I was very much attached to Susannah, but that I was afraid that the attachment was not mutual, and therefore hesitated to propose. Cophagus then said that he would make his wife sound his sister, and let me know the result.

This was in the morning just before I was about to walk over to the shop, and I left the house in a state of anxiety and suspense. When I arrived at the shop, I found Tim there as usual; but the colour in his face was heightened as he said to me, "Read this, Japhet," and handed to me the "Reading Mercury." I read an advertisement as follows:—

"If Japhet Newland, who was left at the Foundling Asylum, and was afterwards for some time in London, will call at No. 16, Throgmorton Court, Minories, he will hear of something very much to his advantage, and will discover that of which he has been so long in search. Should this reach his eye, he is re-

quested to write immediately to the above address, with full particulars of his situation. Should any one who reads this be able to give any information relative to the said J. N., he will be liberally rewarded."

I sank down on the chair. "Merciful Heaven! this can be no mistake—'he will discover the object of his search.' Timothy, my dear Timothy, I have at last found out my father."

"So I should imagine, my dear Japhet," replied Timothy, "and I trust it will not prove a disappointment."

"They never would be so cruel, Timothy," replied I.

"But still it is evident that Mr. Masterton is concerned in it," observed Timothy.

"Why so?" inquired I.

"How otherwise should it appear in the Reading newspaper? He must have examined the post-mark of my letter."

To explain this, I must remind the reader that Timothy had promised to write to Mr. Masterton when he found me; and he requested my permission shortly after we had met again. I consented to his keeping his word, but restricted him to saying any more than "that he had found me, and that I was well and happy." There was no address in the letter as a clue to Mr. Masterton as to where I might be, and it could only have been from the post-mark that he could have formed any idea. Timothy's surmise was therefore very probable; but I would not believe that Mr. Masterton would consent to the insertion of that portion of the advertisement, if there was no foundation for it.

"What will you do, Japhet?"

"Do," replied I, recovering from my reverie, for the information had again roused up all my dormant feelings—"Do," replied I, "why, I shall set off for town this very morning."

"In that dress, Japhet?"

"I suppose I must," replied I, "for I have no time to procure another;" and all my former ideas of fashion and appearance were roused, and in full activity—my pride recovered its ascendancy.

"Well," replied Timothy, "I hope you will find your father all that you could wish."

"I'm sure of it, Tim—I'm sure of it," replied I; "you must run and take a place in the first coach."

"But you are not going without seeing Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, and——Miss Temple," continued Tim, laying an emphasis upon the latter name.

"Of course not," replied I, colouring deeply. "I will go at once. Give me the newspaper, Tim."

I took the newspaper, and hastened to the house of Mr. Cophagus. I found them all three sitting in the breakfast parlour, Mr. Cophagus, as usual, reading, with his spectacles on his nose, and the ladies at work. "What is

the matter, friend Japhet?" exclaimed Mr. Cophagus, as I burst into the room, my countenance lighted up with excitement. "Read that, sir!" said I to Mr. Cophagus. Mr. Cophagus read it. "Hum—bad news—lose Japhet—man of fashion—and so on," said Cophagus, pointing out the paragraph to his wife, as he handed over the paper.

In the mean time I watched the countenance of Susannah—a slight emotion, but instantly checked, was visible at Mr. Cophagus's remark. She then remained quiet until her sister, who had read the paragraph, handed the paper to her. "I give thee joy, Japhet, at the prospect of finding out thy parent," said Mrs. Cophagus. "I trust thou wilt find in him one who is to be esteemed as a man. When departest thou?"

"Immediately," replied I.

"I cannot blame thee—the ties of nature are ever powerful. I trust that thou wilt write to us, and that we soon shall see thee return."

“Yes, yes,” said Cophagus, “see father—shake hands—come back—heh !—settle here—and so on.”

“I shall not be altogether my own master, perhaps,” observed I. “If my father desires that I remain with him, must not I obey? But I know nothing at present. You shall hear from me. Timothy can take my place in the ——” I could not bear the idea of the word shop, and I stopped. Susannah, for the first time, looked me earnestly in the face, but she said nothing. Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, who probably had been talking over the subject of our conversation, and thought this a good opportunity to allow me to have an *éclaircissement* with Susannah, left the room, saying they would look after my portmanteau and linen. “Susannah,” said I, “you do not appear to rejoice with me.”

“Japhet Newland, I will rejoice at every thing that may tend to thy happiness, believe me; but I do not feel assured but that this trial

may prove too great, and that thou mayst fall away. Indeed, I perceive even now that thou art excited with new ideas, and visions of pride."

"If I am wrong, forgive me. Susannah, you must know that the whole object of my existence has been to find my father; and now that I have every reason to suppose that my wish is obtained, can you be surprised, or can you blame me, that I long to be pressed in his arms?"

"Nay, Japhet, for that filial feeling I do commend thee; but ask thy own heart, is that the only feeling which now exciteth thee? Dost thou not expect to find thy father one high in rank and power? Dost thou not anticipate to join once more the world which thou hast quitted, yet still hast sighed for? Dost thou not already feel contempt for thy honest profession:—nay, more, dost thou not only long to cast off the plain attire, and not only the attire, but the sect which in thy adversity thou didst

embrace the tenets of? Ask thy own heart, and reply if thou wilt, but I press thee not so to do; for the truth would be painful, and a lie, thou knowest, I do utterly abhor."

I felt that Susannah spoke the truth, and I would not deny it. I sat down by her. "Susannah," said I, "it is not very easy to change at once. I have mixed for years in the world, with you I have not yet lived two. I will not deny but that the feelings you have expressed have risen in my heart, but I will try to repress them; at least, for your sake, Susannah, I would try to repress them, for I value your opinion more than that of the whole world. You have the power to do with me as you please:—will you exert that power?"

"Japhet," replied Susannah. "The faith which is not built upon a more solid foundation than to win the favour of an erring being like myself is but weak; that power over thee which thou expectest will fix thee in the right path, may soon be lost, and what is then to direct

thee? If no purer motives than earthly affection are to be thy stay, most surely thou wilt fall. But no more of this; thou hast a duty to perform, which is to go to thy earthly father, and seek his blessing. Nay, more, I would that thou shouldst once more enter into the world, there thou mayest decide. Shouldst thou return to us, thy friends will rejoice, and not one of them will be more joyful than Susannah Temple. Fare thee well, Japhet, mayst thou prove superior to temptation. I will pray for thee—earnestly I will pray for thee, Japhet,” continued Susannah, with a quivering of her lips and broken voice; and she left the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

I return to London, and meet with Mr. Masterton.

I WENT up stairs, and found that all was ready, and I took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, both of whom expressed their hopes that I would not leave them for ever. "Oh, no," replied I, "I should indeed be base, if I did." I left them, and with Ephraim following with my portmanteau, I quitted the house. I had gone about twenty yards, when I recollected that I had left on the table the newspaper with the advertisement containing the direction whom to apply to, and desiring Ephraim to pro-

ceed, I returned. When I entered the parlour, Susannah Temple was resting her face in her hands and weeping. The opening of the door made her start up; she perceived that it was I, and she turned away. "I beg your pardon, I left the newspaper," said I, stammering. I was about to throw myself at her feet, declare my sincere affection, and give up all idea of finding my father until we were married, when she, without saying a word, passed quickly by me and hastened out of the room. "She loves me then," thought I; "thank God:—I will not go yet, I will speak to her first." I sat down, quite overpowered with contending feelings. The paper was in my hand, the paragraph was again read, I thought but of my father, and I left the house.

In half an hour I had shaken hands with Timothy and quitted the town of Reading. How I arrived in London, that is to say, what passed, or what we passed, I know not; my mind was in such a state of excitement. I hardly

know how to express the state that I was in. It was a sort of mental whirling which blinded me—round and round—from my father and the expected meeting, then to Susannah, my departure, and her tears—castle building of every description. After the coach stopped, there I remained fixed on the top of it, not aware that we were in London until the coachman asked me whether the spirit did not move me to get down. I recollected myself, and calling a hackney-coach, gave orders to be driven to the Piazza, Covent Garden.

“Piazza, Common Garden,” said the waterman, “why that ban’t an ’otel for the like o’ you, master. They’ll torment you to death, them young chaps.”

I had forgotten that I was dressed as a Quaker. “Tell the coachman to stop at the first cloth warehouse where they have ready-made cloaks,” said I. The man did so; I went out and purchased a roquelaure, which enveloped my whole person. I then stopped at a hatter’s,

and purchased a hat according to the mode. "Now drive to the Piazza," said I, entering the coach. I know not why, but I was resolved to go to that hotel. It was the one I had stayed at when I first arrived in London, and I wished to see it again. When the hackney coach stopped, I asked the waiter who came out whether he had apartments, and answering me in the affirmative, I followed him, and was shown into the same rooms I had previously occupied. "These will do," said I, "now let me have something to eat, and send for a good tailor." The waiter offered to remove my cloak, but I refused, saying that I was cold. He left the room, and I threw myself on the sofa, running over all the scenes which had passed in that room with Carbonnell, Harcourt, and others. My thoughts were broken in upon by the arrival of the tailor. "Stop a moment," said I, "and let him come in when I ring." So ashamed was I of my Quaker's dress, that I threw off my coat and waistcoat, and put on my cloak

again before I rang the bell for the tailor to come up. "Mr. ———," said I, "I must have a suit of clothes ready by to-morrow at ten o'clock."

"Impossible, sir."

"Impossible !" said I, "and you pretend to be a fashionable tailor. Leave the room."

At this peremptory behaviour the tailor imagined that I must be somebody.

"I will do my possible, sir, and if I can only get home in time to stop the workmen, I think it may be managed. Of course, you are aware of the expense of night work."

"I am only aware of this, that if I give an order I am accustomed to have it obeyed ; I learnt that from my poor friend, Major Carbonnell."

The tailor bowed low ; there was magic in the name, although the man was dead.

"Here have I been masquerading in a Quaker's dress, to please a puritanical young lady, and I am obliged to be off without any

other clothes in my portmanteau ; so take my measure, and I expect the clothes at ten precisely." So saying, I threw off my roquelaure, and desired him to proceed. This accomplished, the tradesman took his leave. Shortly afterwards, the door opened, and as I lay wrapped up in my cloak on the sofa, in came the landlord and two waiters, each bearing a dish of my supper. I wished them at the devil ; but I was still more surprised when the landlord made a low bow, saying, " Happy to see you returned, Mr. Newland ; you've been away some time—another grand tour, I presume."

" Yes, Mr. —, I have had a few adventures since I was last here," replied I, carelessly, " but I am not very well. You may leave the supper, and if I feel inclined, I will take a little by-and-by,—no one need wait."

The landlord and waiter bowed and went out of the room. I turned the key of the door, put on my Quaker's coat, and made a hearty supper, for I had had nothing since breakfast

When I had finished, I returned to the sofa, and I could not help analyzing my own conduct. "Alas," thought I, "Susannah, how rightly did you judge me! I am not away from you more than eighteen hours, and here I am ashamed of the dress which I have so long worn, and been satisfied with, in your society. Truly did you say that I was full of pride, and would joyfully re-enter the world of vanity and vexation." And I thought of Susannah, and her tears after my supposed departure, and I felt angry and annoyed at my want of strength of mind and my worldly feelings.

I retired early to bed, and did not wake until late the next morning. When I rang the bell, the chambermaid brought in my clothes from the tailor's: I dressed, and I will not deny that I was pleased with the alteration. After breakfast I ordered a coach, and drove to No. 16, Throgmorton Court, Minories. The house was dirty outside, and the windows had not been cleaned apparently for years, and it was with

some difficulty when I went in that I could decypher a tall, haggard-looking man seated at the desk.

“Your pleasure, sir?” said he.

“Am I speaking to the principal?” replied I.

“Yes, sir, my name is Chatfield.”

“I come to you, sir, relative to an advertisement which appeared in the papers. I refer to this,” continued I, putting the newspaper down on the desk, and pointing to the advertisement.

“Oh, yes, very true: can you give us any information?”

“Yes, sir, I can, and the most satisfactory.”

“Then, sir, I am sorry that you have had so much trouble, but you must call at Lincoln’s Inn upon a lawyer of the name of Masterton: the whole affair is now in his hands.”

“Can you, sir, inform me who is the party that is inquiring after this young man?”

“Why, yes; it is a General De Benyon, who has lately returned from the East Indies.”

“ Good God ! is it possible ! ” thought I ;
“ how strange that my own wild fancy should
have settled upon him as my father ! ”

I hurried away ; threw myself into the hack-
ney-coach, and desired the man to drive to Lin-
coln’s Inn. I hastened up to Mr. Masterton’s
rooms : he was fortunately at home, although
he stood at the table with his hat and his great
coat on, ready to go out.

“ My dear sir, have you forgotten me ? ” said
I, in a voice choked with emotion, taking his
hand and squeezing it with rapture.

“ By heavens, you are determined that I
shall not forget you for some minutes, at least,”
exclaimed he, wringing his hand with pain.
“ Who the devil are you ? ”

Mr. Masterton could not see without his
spectacles, and my subdued voice he had not
recognized. He pulled them out, as I made no
reply, and fixing them across his nose—“ Hah !
why yes—it is Japhet, is it not ? ”

“ It is indeed, sir,” said I, again offering my hand, which he shook warmly.

“ Not quite so hard, my dear fellow, this time,” said the old lawyer ; “ I acknowledge your vigour, and that is sufficient. I am very glad to see you, Japhet, I am indeed—you— you scamp—you ungrateful fellow. Sit down— sit down—first help me off with my great coat : I presume the advertisement has brought you into existence again. Well, it’s all true ; and you have at last found your father, or, rather, he has found you. And what’s more strange, you hit upon the right person ; that is strange— very strange indeed.”

“ Where is he, sir ?” interrupted I, “ where is he—take me to him.”

“ No, rather be excused,” replied Mr. Masterton, “ for he is gone to Ireland, so you must wait.”

“ Wait, sir, oh no—I must follow him.”

“ That will only do harm ; for he is rather a queer sort of an old gentleman, and although he

acknowledges that he left you as *Japhet* and has searched for you, yet he is so afraid of somebody else's brat being put upon him, that he insists upon most undeniable proofs. Now, we cannot trace you from the hospital unless we can find that fellow Cophagus, and we have made every search after him, and no one can tell where he is."

"But I left him but yesterday morning, sir," replied I.

"Good—very good ; we must send for him or go to him ; besides, he has the packet intrusted to the care of Miss Maitland, to whom he was executor, which proves the marriage of your father. Very strange—very strange indeed, that you should have hid upon it as you did—almost supernatural. However, all right now, my dear boy, and I congratulate you. Your father is a very strange person : he has lived like a despot among slaves all his life, and will not be thwarted, I can tell you. If you say a word in contradiction he'll dis-

inherit you :—terrible old tiger, I must say. If it had not been for your sake, I should have done with him long ago. He seems to think the world ought to be at his feet. Depend upon it, Japhet, there is no hurry about seeing him ;—and see him you shall not, until we have every proof of your identity ready to produce to him. I hope you have the bump of veneration strong, Japhet, and plenty of filial duty, or you will be kicked out of the house in a week. D—n me, if he didn't call me an old thief of a lawyer."

"Indeed, sir," replied I, laughing; "I must apologize to you for my father's conduct."

"Never mind, Japhet; I don't care about a trifle; but why don't you ask after your friends?"

"I have longed so to do, sir," replied I. "Lord Windermear ——"

"Is quite well, and will be most happy to see you."

"Lady de Clare, and her daughter ——"

“ Lady de Clare has entered into society again, and her daughter, as you call her—your Fleta, *alias* Cecilia de Clare—is the belle of the metropolis. But now, sir, as I have answered all your interrogatories, and satisfied you upon the most essential points, will you favour me with a narrative of your adventures, (for adventures I am sure you must have had,) since you ran away from us all in that ungrateful manner.”

“ Most certainly, sir, I will; and, as you say, I have had adventures. But it really will be a long story.”

“ Then we’ll dine here, and pass the evening together—so that’s settled.”

CHAPTER XVII.

In which I am let into more particulars relative to my father's history.

I DISMISSED the coach, while Mr. Masterton gave his orders for dinner, and we then turned the key of the door to avoid intrusion, and I commenced. It was nearly dinner-time before I had finished my story.

“ Well, you really appear to be born for getting into scrapes, and getting out of them again in a miraculous way,” observed Mr. Masterton. “ Your life would make a novel.”

“ It would indeed, sir,” replied I. “ I only hope, like all novels, it will wind up well.”

“ So do I ; but dinner’s ready, Japhet, and after dinner we’ll talk the matter over again, for there are some points upon which I require some explanation.”

We sat down to dinner, and when we had finished, and the table had been cleared, we drew to the fire, with our bottle of wine. Mr. Masterton stirred the fire, called for his slippers, and then crossing his legs over the fender, resumed the subject.

“ Japhet, I consider it most fortunate that we have met, previous to your introduction to your father. You have so far to congratulate yourself, that your family is undeniably good, there being, as you know, an Irish peerage in it; of which, however, you have no chance, as the present earl has a numerous offspring. You are also fortunate as far as money is concerned, as I have every reason to believe that your father is a very rich man, and, of course, you are his only child ; but I must now prepare you to meet with a very different person

than perhaps the fond anticipations of youth may have led you to expect. Your father has no paternal feelings that I can discover ; he has wealth, and he wishes to leave it—he has therefore sought you out. But he is despotic, violent, and absurd ; the least opposition to his will makes him furious, and I am sorry to add, that I am afraid that he is very mean. He suffered severely when young from poverty, and his own father was almost as authoritative and unforgiving as himself. And now I will state how it was that you were left at the Asylum when an infant. Your grandfather had procured for your father a commission in the army, and soon afterwards procured him a lieutenancy. He ordered him to marry a young lady of large fortune, whom he had never seen, and sent for him for that purpose. I understand that she was very beautiful, and had your father seen her, it is probable he would have made no objection, but he very foolishly sent a peremptory refusal, for which he was dismissed

for ever. In a short time afterwards your father fell in love with a young lady of great personal attractions, and supposed to possess a large fortune. To deceive her, he pretended to be the heir to the earldom, and, after a hasty courtship, they ran off, and were married. When they compared notes, which they soon did, it was discovered that, on his side, he had nothing but the pay of a subaltern, and on hers, that she had not one shilling. Your father stormed, and called his wife an impostor; she recriminated, and the second morning after the marriage was passed in tears on her side, and oaths, curses, and revilings on his. The lady, however, appeared the more sensible party of the two. Their marriage was not known, she had run away on a pretence to visit a relative, and it was actually supposed in the county town where she resided, that such was the case. ‘Why should we quarrel in this way?’ observed she. ‘You, Edmund, wished to marry a fortune, and not me—I may plead guilty to the same

duplicity. We have made a mistake ; but it is not too late. It is supposed that I am on a visit to ——, and that you are on furlough for a few days. Did you confide your secret to any of your brother officers ?' ' Not one,' muttered your father. ' Well, then, let us part as if nothing had happened, and nobody will be the wiser. We are equally interested in keeping the secret. Is it agreed ?'—Your father immediately consented. He accompanied your mother to the house at ——, where she was expected, and she framed a story for her delay, by having met such a very polite young man. Your father returned to his regiment, and thus did they, like two privateers, who when they meet and engage, as soon as they find out their mistake, hoist their colours, and sheer off by mutual consent."

" I can't say much for my mother's affection or delicacy," observed I.

" The less you say the better, Japhet—however, that is your father's story. And now to

proceed. It appears that, about two months afterwards, your father received a letter from your mother, acquainting him that their short intercourse had been productive of certain results, and requesting that he would take the necessary steps to provide for the child, and avoid exposure, or that she would be obliged to confess her marriage. By what means they contrived to avoid exposure until the period of her confinement, I know not, but your father states that the child was born in a house in London, and by agreement, was instantly put into his hands; that he, with the consent of his wife, left you at the door of the Asylum, with the paper and the bank note, from which you received the name of Newland. At the time, he had no idea of reclaiming you himself, but the mother had, for heartless as she appears to have been, yet a mother must feel for her child. Your father's regiment was then ordered out to the East Indies, and he was rapidly promoted for his gallantry and good con-

duct during the war in the Mysore territory. Once only has he returned home on furlough, and then he did make inquiries after you; not, it appears, with a view of finding you out on his own account, but from a promise which he made your mother."

"My mother! what, have they met since?"

"Yes; your mother went out to India on speculation, passing off as a single girl, and was very well married there, I was going to say; however, she committed a very splendid bigamy."

"Good heavens! how totally destitute of principle!"

"Your father asserts that your mother was a free-thinker, Japhet; her father had made her one; without religion a woman has no stay. Your father was in the up country during the time that your mother arrived, and was married to one of the council of Calcutta. Your father says that they met at a ball at Government House. She was still a very handsome woman, and much admired. When your father recog-

nised her, and was told that she was lately married to the honourable Mr. —, he was quite electrified, and would have quitted the room; but she had perceived him, and walking up to him with the greatest coolness, claimed him as an old acquaintance in England, and afterwards they often met, but she never adverted to what had passed between them, until the time for his departure to England on leave, and she then sent for him, and begged that he would make some inquiries after *you*, Japhet. He did so, and you know the result. On his return to India he found that your mother had been carried off by the prevailing pestilence. At that period, your father was not rich, but he was then appointed to the chief command in the Carnatic, and reaped a golden harvest in return for his success and bravery. It appears, as far as I could obtain it from him, that as long as your mother was alive, he felt no interest about you, but her death, and the subsequent wealth which poured upon him, have now induced him

to find out an heir, to whom it may be bequeathed.

“ Such, Japhet, are the outlines of your father’s history ; and I must point out that he has no feelings of affection for you at present. The conduct of your mother is ever before him, and if it were not that he wishes an heir, I should almost say that his feelings are those of dislike. You may create an interest in his heart, it is true : and he may be gratified by your personal appearance ; but you will have a very difficult task, as you will have to submit to his caprices and fancies, and I am afraid that, to a high spirit like yours, they will be almost unbearable.”

“ Really, sir, I begin to feel that the fondest anticipations are seldom realized, and almost to wish that I had not been sought for by my father. I was happy and contented, and now I do not see any chance of having to congratulate myself on the change.”

“ On one or two points I also wish to ques-

tion you. It appears that you have entered into the sect denominated Quakers. Tell me candidly, do you subscribe heartily and sincerely to their doctrines? And I was going to add, is it your intention to remain with them? I perceive much difficulty in all this."

"The tenets of the sect I certainly do believe to be more in accordance with the Christian religion than any other; and I have no hesitation in asserting, from my knowledge of those who belong to that sect, that they, generally speaking, lead better lives. There are some points connected with their worship, which, at first, I considered ridiculous: the feeling has, however, worn off. As to their quaint manner of speaking, that has been grossly exaggerated. Their dress is a part of their religion."

"Why so, Japhet?"

"I can reply to you in the words of Susannah Temple, when I made the same interrogatory. 'You think the peculiarity of our dress is an outward form which is not required. It

was put on to separate us from others, and as a proof of our sincerity ; but still, the discarding of the dress is a proof of sincerity. We consider, that to admire the person is vain, and our creed is humility. It is therefore an outward and visible sign, that we would act up to those tenets which we profess. It is not all who wear the dress who are Quakers in heart or conduct ; but we know that when it is put aside, the tenets of our persuasion are at the same time renounced, therefore do we consider it essential. I do not mean to say but that the heart may be as pure, and the faith continue as steadfast without such signs outwardly, but it is a part of our creed, and we must not choose, but either reject all or none.’ ”

“ Very well argued by the little Quakeress ; and now, Japhet, I should like to put another question to you. Are you very much attached to this young puritan ? ”

“ I will not deny but that I am. I love her sincerely.”

“ Does your love carry you so far, that you would, for her sake, continue a Quaker, and marry her ?”

“ I have asked myself that question at least a hundred times during the last twenty-four hours, and I cannot decide. If she would dress as others do, and allow me to do the same, I would marry her to-morrow ; whether I shall ever make up my mind to adhere to the persuasion, and live and die a Quaker for her sake, is quite another matter—but I am afraid not—I am too worldly-minded. The fact is, I am in a very awkward position with respect to her. I have never acknowledged my affection, or asked for a return, but she knows I love her, and I know that she loves me.”

“ Like all vain boys, you flatter yourself.”

“ I leave you to judge, sir,” replied I, repeating to him our parting *tête-à-tête*, and how I had returned, and found her in tears.

“ All that certainly is very corroborative evidence ; but tell me, Japhet, do you think she

loves you well enough to abandon all for your sake?"

"No, nor ever will, sir, she is too high principled, too high-minded. She might suffer greatly, but she never would swerve from what she thought was right."

"She must be a fine character, Japhet, but you will be in a dilemma: indeed, it appears to me, that your troubles are now commencing instead of ending, and that you would have been much happier where you were, than you will be by being again brought out into the world. Your prospect is not over cheerful. You have an awkward father to deal with: you will be under a strong check, I've a notion, and I am afraid you will find that, notwithstanding you will be once more received into society, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

"I am afraid you are right, sir," replied I, "but, at all events, it will be something gained, to be acknowledged to the world by a father of good family, whatever else I may have to sub-

mit to. I have been the sport of fortune all my life, and probably she has not yet done playing with me ; but it is late, and I will now wish you good-night."

" Good-night, Japhet ; if I have any intelligence I will let you know. Lady de Clare's address is No. 13, Park Street. You will, of course, go there as soon as you can."

" I will, sir, after I have written my letters to my friends at Reading."

CHAPTER XVIII.

I am a little jealous, and, like the immortal William Bottom, inclined to enact more parts than one.— With a big effort my hankering after bigamy is mastered by Mr. Masterton—and by my own good sense.

I RETURNED home to reflect upon what Mr. Masterton had told me, and I must say that I was not very well pleased with his various information. His account of my mother, although she was no more, distressed me, and, from the character which he gave of my father, I felt convinced that my happiness would not be at all increased by my having finally attained the long-desired object of my wishes. Strange to

say, I had no sooner discovered my father, but I wished that he had never turned up; and when I compared the peaceful and happy state of existence which I had lately enjoyed, with the prospects of what I had in future to submit to, I bitterly repented that the advertisement had been seen by Timothy; still, on one point, I was peculiarly anxious, without hardly daring to anatomize my feelings; it was relative to Cecilia de Clare, and what Mr. Masterton had mentioned in the course of our conversation. The next morning I wrote to Timothy and to Mr. Cophagus, giving them a short detail of what I had been informed by Mr. Masterton, and expressing a wish, which I then really did feel, that I had never been summoned away from them.

Having finished my letters, I set off to Park Street, to call upon Lady de Clare and Cecilia. It was rather early, but the footman who opened the door recognised me, and I was admitted upon his own responsibility. It was

now more than eighteen months since I had quitted their house at Richmond, and I was very anxious to know what reception I might have. I followed the servant up stairs, and when he opened the door walked in, as my name was announced.

Lady de Clare rose in haste, so did Cecilia, and so did a third person, whom I had not expected to have met—Harcourt. “Mr. Newland,” exclaimed Lady de Clare, “this is indeed unexpected.” Cecilia also came forward, blushing to the forehead. Harcourt held back, as if waiting for the advances to be made on my side. On the whole, I never felt more awkwardly, and I believe my feelings were reciprocated by the whole party. I was evidently *de trop*.

“Do you know Mr. Harcourt?” at last said Lady de Clare.

“If it is the Mr. Harcourt I once knew,” replied I, “I certainly do.”

“Believe me it is the same, Newland,” said

Harcourt, coming to me and offering his hand, which I took with pleasure.

“It is a long while since we met,” observed Cecilia, who felt it necessary to say something, but, at the same time, did not like to enter upon my affairs before Harcourt.

“It is, Miss de Clare,” replied I, for I was not exactly pleased at my reception; “but I have been fortunate since I had the pleasure of seeing you last.”

Cecilia and her mother looked earnestly, as much as to say, in what?—but did not like to ask the question.

“There is no one present who is not well acquainted with my history,” observed I, “that is, until the time that I left you and Lady de Clare, and I have no wish to create mystery. I have at last discovered my father.”

“I hope we are to congratulate you, Mr. Newland,” said Lady de Clare.

“As far as respectability and family are concerned, I certainly have no reason to be

ashamed," replied I. "He is the brother of an earl, and a general in the army. His name I will not mention until I have seen him, and I am formally and openly acknowledged. I have also the advantage of being an only son, and if I am not disinherited, heir to considerable property," continued I, smiling sarcastically. "Perhaps I may now be better *received* than I have been as Japhet Newland the Foundling: but, Lady de Clare, I am afraid that I have intruded unseasonably, and will now take my leave. Good morning;" and without waiting for a reply, I made a hasty retreat, and gained the door.

Flushed with indignation, I had nearly gained the bottom of the stairs, when I heard a light footstep behind me, and my arm was caught by Cecilia de Clare. I turned round, and she looked me reproachfully in the face, as the tear stood in her eye.

"What have we done, Japhet, that you

should treat us in this manner?" said she, with emotion.

"Miss de Clare," replied I, "I have no reproaches to make. I perceived that my presence was not welcome, and I would no further intrude."

"Are you then so proud, now that you have found out that you are well born, Japhet?"

"I am much too proud to intrude where I am not wished for, Miss de Clare. As Japhet Newland, I came here to see the Fleta of former days. When I assume my real name, I shall always be most happy of an introduction to the daughter of Lady de Clare."

"Oh! how changed," exclaimed she, fixing her large blue eyes upon me.

"Prosperity changes us all, Miss de Clare. I wish you a very good morning;" and I turned away, and crossed the hall to the door.

As I went out I could not help looking back,

and I perceived that Cecilia's handkerchief was held to her eyes, as she slowly mounted the stairs. I walked home to the Piazza in no very pleasant humour. I was angry and disgusted at the coolness of my reception. I thought myself ill used, and treated with ingratitude. "So much for the world," said I, as I sat down in my apartment, and spun my hat on the table. "She has been out two seasons, and is no longer the same person. Yet how lovely she has grown! But why this change—and why was Harcourt there? Could he have prejudiced them against me? Very possibly." While these ideas were running in my mind, and I was making comparisons between Cecilia de Clare and Susannah Temple—not much in favour of the former—and looking forward prospectively to the meeting with my father, the doubts as to my reception in society colouring every thing with the most sombre tints, the door opened, and in walked Harcourt, announced by the waiter.

"A chair for Mr. Harcourt," said I to the waiter, with formality.

"Newland," said Harcourt, "I come for two reasons: in the first place, I am commissioned by the ladies, to assure you ——"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Harcourt, for interrupting you, but I require no ambassador from the ladies in question. They may make you their confidant if they please, but I am not at all inclined to do the same. Explanation, after what I witnessed and felt this morning, is quite unnecessary. I surrender all claims upon either Lady de Clare or her daughter, if I ever was so fool-hardy as to imagine that I had any. The first reason of your visit it is therefore useless to proceed with. May I ask the other reason which has procured me this honour?"

"I hardly know, Mr. Newland," replied Harcourt, colouring deeply, "whether, after what you have now said, I ought to proceed with the second—it related to myself."

"I am all attention, Mr. Harcourt," replied I, bowing politely.

“ It was to say, Mr. Newland, that I should have taken the earliest opportunity after my recovery, had you not disappeared so strangely, to have expressed my sorrow for my conduct towards you, and to have acknowledged that I had been deservedly punished : more perhaps by my own feelings of remorse, than by the dangerous wound I had received by your hand. I take even this opportunity, although not apparently a favourable one, of expressing what I consider it my duty, as a gentleman who has wronged another, to express. I certainly was going to add more, but there is so little chance of its being well received, that I had better defer it to some future opportunity. The time may come, and I certainly trust it will come, when I may be allowed to prove to you that I am not deserving of the coolness with which I am now received. Mr. Newland, with every wish for your happiness, I will now take my leave ; but I must say, it is with painful sentiments, as I feel that the result of this interview will be the cause of

great distress to those who are bound to you, not only by gratitude, but sincere regard."

Harcourt then bowed, and quitted the room. "It's all very well," muttered I, "but I know the world, and am not to be soothed down by a few fine words. I trust that they will be sorry for their conduct, but see me again inside their doors they will not," and I sat down, trying to feel satisfied with myself—but I was not; I felt that I had acted harshly, to say no more. I ought to have listened to an explanation sent by Cecilia and her mother, after her coming down stairs to expostulate. They were under great obligations to me, and by my quick resentment, I rendered the obligations more onerous. It was unkind of me—and I wished that Harcourt had not left the room. As for his conduct, I tried to find fault with it, but could not. It was gentlemanly and feeling. The fact was, I was in a very bad humour, and could not, at the time, discover the reason, which was neither more nor less than that I was

more jealous of finding Harcourt so intimate at Lady de Clare's, than I was at the unpalatable reception which I had met with. The waiter came in, and brought me a note from Mr. Masterton.

“ I have this morning received a summons from your father, who returned, it appears, two days ago, and is now at the Adelphi Hotel. I am sorry to say, that stepping out of his carriage when travelling, he missed his footing, and has snapped his tendon Achilles. He is laid up on a couch, and, as you may suppose, his amiability is not increased by the accident, and the pain attending it. As he has requested me to bring forward immediate evidence as to your identity, and the presence of Mr. Cophagus is necessary, I propose that we start for Reading to-morrow at nine o'clock. I have a curiosity to go down there, and having a leisure day or two, it will be a relaxation. I wish to see

my old acquaintance, Timothy, and your shop.
Answer by bearer.

“J. MASTERTON.”

I wrote a few lines, informing Mr. Masterton that I would be with him at the appointed hour, and then sat down to my solitary meal. How different from when I was last at this hotel! Now I knew nobody. I had to regain my footing in society, and that could only be accomplished by being acknowledged by my father; and, as soon as that was done, I would call upon Lord Windermear, who would quickly effect what I desired. The next morning I was ready at nine o'clock, and set off with post horses, with Mr. Masterton, in his own carriage. I told him what had occurred the day before, and how disgusted I was at my reception.

“Upon my word, Japhet, I think you are wrong,” replied the old gentleman; “and if you had not told me of your affection for Miss

Temple, to see whom, by-the-by, I confess to be one of the chief motives of my going down with you, I should almost suppose that you were blinded by jealousy. Does it not occur to you, that, if Mr. Harcourt was admitted to the ladies at such an early hour, there is preference shown him in that quarter? And now I recollect that I heard something about it. Harcourt's elder brother died, and he's come into the property, and I heard somebody say that he would in all probability succeed in gaining the handsomest girl in London, with a large fortune—that it was said to be a match. Now, if such be the case, and you broke in upon a quiet reunion between two young people about to be united, almost without announcement, and so unexpectedly, after a lapse of so long a time, surely you cannot be surprised at there being a degree of confusion and restraint—more especially after what had passed between Harcourt and you. Depend upon it, that was the cause of it. Had Lady de Clare and her daughter

been alone, your reception would have been very different ; indeed, Cecilia's following you down stairs, proves that it was not from coolness towards you ; and Harcourt calling upon you, and the conversation which took place, is another proof that you have been mistaken."

" I never viewed it in that light, certainly, sir," observed I. " I merely perceived that I was considered intrusive, and finding in the company one who had treated me ill, and had been my antagonist in the field, I naturally supposed that he had prejudiced them against me. I hope I may be wrong ; but I have seen so much of the world, young as I am, that I have become very suspicious."

" Then discard suspicion as fast as you can, it will only make you unhappy, and not prevent your being deceived. If you are suspicious, you will have the constant fear of deception hanging-over you, which poisons existence."

After these remarks I remained silent for some time ; I was analyzing my own feelings,

and I felt that I had acted in a very absurd manner. The fact was, that one of my castle buildings had been, that I was to marry Fleta as soon as I had found my own father, and this it was which had actuated me, almost without my knowing it. I felt jealous of Harcourt, and that, without being in love with Miss de Clare, but actually passionately fond of another person; I felt as if I could have married her without loving her, and that I could give up Susannah Temple, whom I did love, rather than that a being whom I considered as almost of my own creation, should herself presume to fall in love, or that another should dare to love her, until I had made up my mind whether I should take her myself: and this after so long an absence, and their having given up all hopes of ever seeing me again. The reader may smile at the absurdity, still more at the selfishness of this feeling; so did I, when I had reflected upon it, and I despised myself for my vanity and folly.

“What are you thinking of, Japhet?” observed Mr. Masterton, tired with my long abstraction.

“That I have been making a most egregious fool of myself, sir,” replied I, “with respect to the De Clares.”

“I did not say so, Japhet; but, to tell you the truth, I thought something very like it. Now tell me, were you not jealous at finding her in company with Harcourt?”

“Exactly so, sir.”

“I’ll tell Susannah Temple when I see her, that she may form some idea of your constancy,” replied Mr. Masterton, smiling. “Why, what a dog in the manger you must be—you can’t marry them both. Still, under the circumstances, I can analyze the feeling—it is natural, but all that is natural is not always creditable to human nature. Let us talk a little about Susannah, and then all these vagaries will be dispersed. How old is she?”

Mr. Masterton plied me with so many ques-

tions relative to Susannah, that her image alone soon filled my mind, and I recovered my spirits. “ I don’t know what she will say, at my being in this dress, sir,” observed I. “ Had I not better change it on my arrival ?”

“ By no means; I’ll fight your battle—I know her character pretty well, thanks to your raving about her.”

CHAPTER XIX.

Contains much learned argument upon broad-brims and garments of grey—I get the best of it—The one great wish of my life is granted—I meet my father, and a cold reception, very indicative of much after-heat.

WE arrived in good time at Reading, and, as soon as we alighted at the inn, we ordered dinner, and then walked down to the shop, where we found Timothy very busy tying down and labelling. He was delighted to see Mr. Masterton, and perceiving that I had laid aside the Quaker's dress, made no scruple of indulging in his humour, making a long face, and *thee-*

ing and *thou*-ing Mr. Masterton in a very absurd manner. We desired him to go to Mr. Cophagus, and beg that he would allow me to bring Mr. Masterton to drink tea, and afterwards to call at the inn and give us the answer. We then returned to our dinner.

“Whether they will ever make a Quaker of you, Japhet, I am very doubtful,” observed Mr. Masterton, as we walked back; “but as for making one of that fellow Timothy, I’ll defy them.”

“He laughs at every thing,” replied I: “and views every thing in a ridiculous light—at all events, they never will make him serious.”

In the evening, we adjourned to the house of Mr. Cophagus, having received a message of welcome. I entered the room first. Susannah came forward to welcome me, and then drew back, when she perceived the alteration in my apparel, colouring deeply. I passed her, and took the hand of Mrs. Cophagus and her husband, and then introduced Mr. Masterton.

"We hardly knew thee, Japhet," mildly observed Mrs. Cophagus.

"I did not think that outward garments would disguise me from my friends," replied I; "but so it appeareth, for your sister hath not even greeted me in welcome."

"I greet thee in all kindness, and all sincerity, Japhet Newland," replied Susannah, holding out her hand. "Yet did I not imagine that, in so short a time, thou wouldst have dismissed the apparel of our persuasion, neither do I find it seemly."

"Miss Temple," interposed Mr. Masterton, "it is to oblige those who are his sincere friends, that Mr. Newland has laid aside his dress. I quarrel with no creed—every one has a right to choose for himself, and Mr. Newland has perhaps not chosen badly, in embracing your tenets. Let him continue stedfast in them. But, fair young lady, there is no creed which is perfect, and, even in yours, we find imperfection. Our religion preaches humility,

and therefore we do object to his wearing the garb of pride."

"Of pride, sayest thou? hath he not rather put off the garb of humility, and now appeareth in the garb of pride?"

"Not so, young madam: when we dress as all the world dress, we wear not the garb of pride; but when we put on a dress different from others, that distinguishes us from others, then we show our pride, and the worst of pride, for it is the hypocritical pride which apes humility. It is the Pharisee of the Scriptures, who preaches in high places, and sounds forth his charity to the poor; not the humility of the Publican, who says, 'Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner.' Your apparel of pretended humility is the garb of pride, and for that reason have we insisted that he discards it, when with us. His tenets we interfere not with. There can be no religion in dress; and that must indeed be weak in itself, which requires dress for its support."

Susannah was astonished at this new feature of the case, so aptly put by the old lawyer. Mrs. Cophagus looked at her husband, and Cophagus pinched my arm, evidently agreeing with him. When Mr. Masterton had finished speaking, Susannah waited a few seconds, and then replied, "It becomes not one so young and weak as I am, to argue with thee, who art so much my senior. I cannot cavil at opinions which, if not correct, at least are founded on the holy writings; but I have been otherwise instructed."

"Then let us drop the argument, Miss Susannah, and let me tell you, that Japhet wished to resume his Quaker's dress, and I would not permit him. If there is any blame, it is to be laid to me; and it's no use being angry with an old man like myself."

"I have no right to be angry with any one," replied Susannah.

"But you were angry with me, Susannah," interrupted I.

"I cannot say that it was anger, Japhet Newland: I hardly know what the feeling might have been; but I was wrong, and I must request thy forgiveness;" and Susannah held out her hand

"Now you must forgive me too, Miss Temple," said old Masterton, and Susannah laughed against her wishes.

The conversation then became general. Mr. Masterton explained to Mr. Cophagus what he required of him, and Mr. Cophagus immediately acceded. It was arranged that he should go to town by the mail the next day. Mr. Masterton talked a great deal about my father, and gave his character in its true light, as he considered it would be advantageous to me so to do. He then entered into conversation upon a variety of topics, and was certainly very amusing. Susannah laughed very heartily before the evening was over, and Mr. Masterton retired to the hotel, for I had resolved to sleep in my own bed.

I walked home with Mr. Masterton : I then returned to the house, and found them all in the parlour. Mrs. Cophagus was expressing her delight at the amusement she had received, when I entered with a grave face. "I wish that I had not left you," said I to Mrs. Cophagus ; "I am afraid to meet my father ; he will exact the most implicit obedience. What am I to do ? Must not I obey him ?"

"In all things lawful," replied Susannah, "most certainly, Japhet."

"In all things lawful, Susannah ! now tell me, in the very case of my apparel : Mr. Masterton says, that he never will permit me to wear the dress. What am I to do ?"

"Thou hast thy religion and thy Bible for thy guide, Japhet."

"I have ; and in the Bible I find written on tablets of stone by the prophet of God, 'Honour thy father and thy mother ;' there is a positive commandment : but I find no commandment to wear this or that dress. What

think you?" continued I, appealing to them all.

"I should bid thee honour thy father, Japhet," replied Mrs. Cophagus, "and you, Susannah——"

"I shall bid thee good night, Japhet."

At this reply we all laughed, and I perceived there was a smile on Susannah's face as she walked away. Mrs. Cophagus followed her, laughing as she went, and Cophagus and I were alone.

"Well, Japhet—see old gentleman—kiss—shake hands—and blessing—and so on."

"Yes, sir," replied I, "but if he treats me ill, I shall probably come down here again. I am afraid that Susannah is not very well pleased with me."

"Pooh, nonsense—wife knows all—die for you—Japhet, do as you please—dress yourself—dress her—any dress—no dress like Eve—sly puss—won't lose you—all right—and so on."

I pressed Mr. Cophagus to tell me all he

knew, and I found from him that his wife had questioned Susannah soon after my departure, had found her weeping, and that she had gained from her the avowal of her ardent affection for me. This was all I wanted, and I wished him good night, and went to bed happy. I had an interview with Susannah Temple before I left the next morning, and, although I never mentioned love, had every reason to be satisfied. She was kind and affectionate ; spoke to me in her usual serious manner, warned me against the world, acknowledged that I should have great difficulties to surmount, and even made much allowance for my peculiar situation. She dared not advise, but she would pray for me. There was a greater show of interest and confidence towards me than I had ever yet received from her : when I parted from her I said, “ Dear Susannah, whatever change may take place in my fortunes or in my dress, believe me, my heart shall not be changed, and I shall ever adhere to those principles which have been instilled into me since I have been in your company.”

This was a phrase which admitted of a double meaning, and she replied, "I should wish to see thee perfect, Japhet ; but there is no perfection now on earth ; be therefore as perfect as you can."

"God bless you, Susannah."

"May the blessing of the Lord be on you always, Japhet," replied she.

I put my arm round her waist, and slightly pressed her to my bosom. She gently disengaged herself, and her large eyes glistened with tears as she left the room. In a quarter of an hour I was with Mr. Masterton on the road to London.

"Japhet," said the old gentleman, "I will say that you have been very wise in your choice, and that your little Quaker is a most lovely creature : I am in love with her myself, and I think that she is far superior in personal attractions to Cecilia de Clare."

"Indeed, sir !"

"Yes, indeed ; her face is more classical, and

her complexion is unrivalled ; as far as my present knowledge and experience go, she is an emblem of purity."

" Her mind, sir, is as pure as her person."

" I believe it ; she has a strong mind, and will think for herself."

" There, sir, is, I am afraid, the difficulty ; she will not yield a point in which she thinks she is right, not even for her love for me."

" I agree with you that she will not, and I admire her for it ; but, Japhet, she will yield to conviction, and, depend upon it, she will abandon the outward observances of her persuasion. Did you observe what a spoke I put in your wheel last night, when I stated that outward forms were pride. Leave that to work, and I'll answer for the consequences : she will not long wear that Quaker's dress. How beautiful she would be if she dressed like other people ! I think I see her now entering a ball-room."

" But what occasions you to think she will abandon her persuasion ?"

“ I do not say that she will abandon it, nor do I wish her to do it, nor do I wish you to do it, Japhet. There is much beauty and much perfection in the Quaker’s creed. All that requires to be abandoned are the dress and the ceremonies of the meetings, which are both absurdities. Recollect, that Miss Temple has been brought up as a Quaker; she has, from the exclusiveness of the sect, known no other form of worship, and never heard any opposition to that which has been inculcated; but let her once or twice enter the Established Church, hear its beautiful ritual, and listen to a sound preacher. Let her be persuaded to do that, which cannot be asking her to do wrong, and then let her think and act for herself, and my word for it, when she draws the comparison between what she has then heard and the nonsense occasionally uttered in the Quaker’s conventicle, by those who fancy themselves inspired, she will herself feel that, although the

tenets of her persuasion may be more in accordance with true christianity than those of other sects, the outward forms and observances are imperfect. I trust to her own good sense."

"You make me very happy by saying so."

"Well, that is my opinion of her, and if she proves me to be correct, hang me if I don't think I shall adopt her."

"What do you think of Mrs. Cophagus, sir?"

"I think she is no more a Quaker in her heart than I am. She is a lively, merry, kind-hearted creature, and would have no objection to appear in feathers and diamonds to-morrow."

"Well, sir, I can tell you that Mr. Cophagus still sighs after his blue cotton-net pantaloons and Hessian boots."

"More fool he! but, however, I am glad of it, for it gives me an idea which I shall work upon by-and-by; at present we have this eventful meeting between you and your father to occupy us."

We arrived in town in time for dinner, which Mr. Masterton had ordered at his chambers. As the old gentleman was rather tired with his two days' travelling, I wished him good night at an early hour.

"Recollect, Japhet, we are to be at the Adelphi hotel to-morrow at one o'clock—come in time."

I called upon Mr. Masterton at the time appointed on the ensuing day, and we drove to the hotel in which my father had located himself. On our arrival, we were ushered into a room on the ground floor, where we found Mr. Copphagus and two of the governors of the Foundling Hospital.

"Really, Mr. Masterton," said one of the latter gentlemen, "one would think that we were about to have an audience with a sovereign prince, and, instead of conferring favours, were about to receive them. My time is precious; I ought to have been in the city

this half hour, and here is this old nabob keeping us waiting as if we were petitioners."

Mr. Masterton laughed and said, " Let us all go up stairs, and not wait to be sent for."

He called one of the waiters, and desired him to announce them to General De Benyon. They then followed the waiter, leaving me alone. I must say, that I was a little agitated; I heard the door open above, and then an angry growl like that of a wild beast; the door closed again, and all was quiet. " And this," thought I, " is the result of all my fond anticipations, of my ardent wishes, of my enthusiastic search. Instead of expressing anxiety to receive his son, he litigiously requires proofs, and more proofs, when he has received every satisfactory proof, already. They say his temper is violent beyond control, and that submission irritates instead of appeasing him: what then if I resent? I have heard that people of that description are to be better met with their own weapons:—suppose I

try it;—but no, I have no right:—I will however be firm and keep my temper under every circumstance: I will show him, at least, that his son has the spirit and the feelings of a gentleman.”

As these thoughts passed in my mind the door opened, and Mr. Masterton requested me to follow him. I obeyed with a palpitating heart, and when I had gained the landing-place up stairs, Mr. Masterton took my hand and led me into the presence of my long-sought-for and much-dreaded *parent*. I may as well describe him and the whole tableau. The room was long and narrow, and, at the farther end, was a large sofa, on which was seated my father with his injured leg reposing on it, his crutches propped against the wall. On each side of him were two large poles and stands each with a magnificent macaw. Next to the macaws were two native servants, arrayed in their muslin dresses, with their arms folded. A hooka was in advance of the table before the sofa; it was magnificently wrought

in silver, and the snake passed under the table, so that the tube was within my honoured father's reach. On one side of the room sat the two governors of the Foundling Hospital, on the other was seated Mr. Cophagus in his Quaker's dress; the empty chair next to him had been occupied by Mr. Masterton. I looked at my father: he was a man of great size, apparently six feet three or four inches, and stout in proportion without being burthened with fat: he was gaunt, broad shouldered, and muscular, and I think, must have weighed seventeen or eighteen stone. His head was in proportion to his body and very large; so were all his features upon the same grand scale. His complexion was of a brownish-yellow, and his hair of a snowy white. He wore his whiskers very large and joined together under the throat, and these, which were also white, from the circle which they formed round his face, and contrasting with the colour of his skin, gave his *tout ensemble* much more the appearance of a

royal Bengal tiger than a gentleman. General De Benyon saw Mr. Masterton leading me forward to within a pace or two of the table before the general.—“Allow me the pleasure of introducing your son, Japhet.”

There was no hand extended to welcome me. My father fixed his proud grey eyes upon me for a moment, and then turned to the governors of the hospital.

“Is this the person, gentlemen, whom you received as an infant and brought up as Japhet Newland?”

The governors declared I was the same person; that they had bound me to Mr. Cophagus, and had seen me more than once since I quitted the Asylum.

“Is this the Japhet Newland whom you received from these gentlemen and brought up to your business?”

“Yea, and verily—I do affirm the same—smart lad—good boy, and so on.”

“I will not take a Quaker’s affirmation—will you take your oath, sir?”

"Yes," replied Cophagus, forgetting his Quakership; "take oath—bring Bible—kiss book, and so on."

"You then, as a Quaker, have no objection to swear to the identity of this person?"

"Swear," cried Cophagus, "yes, swear—swear now—not Japhet!—I'm damned—go to hell, and so on."

The other parties present could not help laughing at this explosion from Cophagus, neither could I. Mr. Masterton then asked the general if he required any more proofs.

"No," replied the general discourteously; and speaking in Hindostanee to his attendants, they walked to the door and opened it. The hint was taken, Mr. Masterton saying to the others in an ironical tone, "After so long a separation, gentlemen, it must be natural that the general should wish to be left alone, that he may give vent to his paternal feelings."

CHAPTER XX.

Father and I grow warm in our argument—Obliged to give him a little schooling to show my affection—Takes it at last very kindly, and very dutifully owns himself a fool.

IN the mean time, I was left standing in the middle of the room; the gentlemen departed, and the two native servants resumed their stations on each side of the sofa. I felt humiliated and indignant, but waited in silence; at last, my honoured parent, who had eyed me for some time, commenced.

“If you think, young man, to win my favour by your good looks, you are very much mistaken: you are too like your mother, whose memory is any thing but agreeable.”

The blood mounted to my forehead at this cruel observation ; I folded my arms and looked my father steadfastly in the face, but made no reply. The choler of the gentleman was raised.

“ It appears that I have found a most dutiful son.”

I was about to make an angry answer, when I recollected myself, and I courteously replied, “ My dear general, depend upon it that your son will always be ready to pay duty to whom duty is due ; but excuse me, in the agitation of this meeting you have forgotten those little attentions which courtesy demands ; with your permission I will take a chair, and then we may converse more at our ease. I hope your leg is better.”

I said this with the blindest voice and the most studied politeness, and drawing a chair towards the table, I took my seat ; as I expected, it put my honoured father in a tremendous rage.

“If this is a specimen, sir, of your duty and respect, sir, I hope to see no more of them. To whom your duty is due, sir!—and pray to whom is it due, sir, if not to the author of your existence?” cried the general, striking the table before him with his enormous fist, so as to make the ink fly out of the stand some inches high and bespatter the papers near it.

“My dear father, you are perfectly correct: duty, as you say, is due to the author of our existence. If I recollect right, the commandment says, ‘Honour your father and your mother;’ but at the same time, if I may venture to offer an observation, are there not such things as reciprocal duties—some which are even more paramount in a father than the mere begetting of a son?”

“What do you mean, sir, by these insolent remarks?” interrupted my father.

“Excuse me, my dear father, I may be wrong, but if so, I will bow to your superior judgment; but it does appear to me, that the

mere hanging me in a basket at the gate of the Foundling Hospital, and leaving me a bank-note of fifty pounds to educate and maintain me until the age of twenty-four, are not exactly all the duties incumbent upon a parent. If you think that they are, I am afraid that the world, as well as myself, will be of a different opinion. Not that I intend to make any complaint, as I feel assured that now circumstances have put it in your power, it is your intention to make me amends for leaving me so long in a state of destitution, and wholly dependent upon my own resources."

"You do, do you, sir? well, now, I'll tell you my resolution, which is—there is the door—go out, and never let me see your face again."

"My dear father, as I am convinced this is only a little pleasantry on your part, or perhaps a mere trial whether I am possessed of the spirit and determination of a De Benyon, I shall, of course, please you by not complying with your humorous request."

“ Won’t you, by G—d !” roared my father ; then turning to his two native servants, he spoke to them in Hindostanee. They immediately walked to the door, threw it wide open, and then coming back to me, were about to take me by the arms. I certainly felt my blood boil, but I recollected how necessary it was to keep my temper. I rose from my chair, and advancing to the side of the sofa, I said.

“ My dear father, as I perceive that you do not require your crutches at this moment, you will not perhaps object to my taking one. These foreign scoundrels must not be permitted to insult *you* through the person of your only son.”

“ Turn him out,” roared my father.

The natives advanced, but I whirled the crutch round my head, and in a moment they were both prostrate. As soon as they gained their feet, I attacked them again, until they made their escape out of the room ; I then shut the door and turned the key.

“Thank you, my dear sir,” said I, returning the crutch to where it was before. “Many thanks for thus permitting me to chastise the insolence of these black scoundrels, whom I take it for granted, you will immediately discharge;” and I again took my seat in the chair, bringing it closer to him.

The rage of the general was now beyond all bounds; the white foam was spluttered out of his mouth, as he in vain endeavoured to find words. Once he actually rose from the sofa, to take the law in his own hands, but the effort seriously injured his leg, and he threw himself down in pain and disappointment.

“My dear father, I am afraid that, in your anxiety to help me, you have hurt your leg again,” said I, in a soothing voice.

“Sirrah, sirrah,” exclaimed he at last; “if you think that this will do, you are very much mistaken. You don’t know me. You may turn out a couple of cowardly blacks, but now I’ll show you that I am not to be played with.

I discard you for ever—I disinherit—I disacknowledge you. You may take your choice, either to quit this room, or be put into the hands of the police.”

“The police, my dear sir! What can the police do? I may call in the police for the assault just committed by your servants, and have them up to Bow Street, but you cannot charge me with an assault.”

“But I will, by G—d, sir, true or not true.”

“Indeed you would not, my dear father. A De Benyon would never be guilty of a lie. Besides, if you were to call in the police;—I wish to argue this matter coolly, because I ascribe your present little burst of ill-humour to your sufferings from your unfortunate accident. Allowing then, my dear father, that you were to charge me with an assault, I should immediately be under the necessity of charging you also, and then we must both go to Bow Street together. Were you ever at Bow Street, general?” The general made no reply, and I

proceeded. “ Besides, my dear sir, only imagine how very awkward it would be when the magistrate put you on your oath, and asked you to make your charge. What would you be obliged to declare? That you had married when young, and finding that your wife had no fortune, had deserted her the second day after your marriage. That you, an officer in the army, and the Honourable Captain De Benyon, had hung up your child at the gates of the Foundling Hospital—that you had again met your wife, married to another, and had been an accomplice in concealing her capital offence of bigamy, and had had meetings with her, although she belonged to another. I say meetings, for you did meet her, to receive her directions about me. I am charitable and suspect nothing—others will not be so. Then, after her death, you come home, and inquire about your son. His identity is established,—and when then? not only you do not take him by the hand, in common civility, I might say,

but you first try to turn him out of the house, and to give him in charge of the police: and then you will have to state for what. Perhaps you will answer me that question, for I really do not know."

By this time, my honoured father's wrath had, to a certain degree, subsided; he heard all I had to say, and he felt how very ridiculous would have been his intended proceedings, and, as his wrath subsided, so did his pain increase; he had seriously injured his leg, and it was swelling rapidly—the bandages tightened in consequence, and he was suffering under the acutest pain, "Oh, oh!" groaned he.

"My dear father, can I assist you?"

"Ring the bell, sir."

"There is no occasion to summon assistance while I am here, my dear general. I can attend you professionally, and if you will allow me, will soon relieve your pain. Your leg has swollen from exertion, and the bandages must be loosened."

He made no reply, but his features were distorted with extreme pain. I went to him, and proceeded to unloose the bandages, which gave him considerable relief. I then replaced them, *secundum artem*, and with great tenderness, and going to the sideboard, took the lotion which was standing there with the other bottles, and wetted the bandages. In a few minutes he was quite relieved. "Perhaps, sir," said I, "you had better try to sleep a little. I will take a book, and shall have great pleasure in watching by your side."

Exhausted with pain and violence, the general made no reply; he fell back on the sofa, and, in a short time, he snored most comfortably. "I have conquered you," thought I, as I watched him as he lay asleep. "If I have not yet, I will, that I am resolved." I walked gently to the door, unlocked it, and opening it without waking him, ordered some broth to be brought up immediately, saying that the general was asleep, and that I would wait for it out-

side. I accomplished this little manœuvre, and reclosed the door without waking my father, and then I took my seat in the chair, and resumed my book, having placed the broth on the side of the fire-grate to keep it warm. In about an hour he awoke, and looked around him.

“Do you want any thing, my dearest father?” inquired I.

The general appeared undecided as to whether to re-commence hostilities, but at last he said, “I wish the attendance of my servants, sir.”

“The attendance of a servant can never be equal to that of your own son, general,” replied I, going to the fire, and taking the basin of broth, which I replaced upon the tray containing the *et ceteras* on a napkin. “I expected you would require your broth, and I have had it ready for you.”

“It was what I did require, sir, I must ac-

knowledge," replied my father, and without further remark he finished the broth.

I removed the tray, and then went for the lotion, and again wetted the bandages on his leg. "Is there any thing else I can do for you, sir?" said I.

"Nothing—I am very comfortable."

"Then, sir," replied I, "I will now take my leave. You have desired me to quit your presence for ever; and you attempted force. I resisted that, because I would not allow you to have the painful remembrance that you had injured one who had strong claims upon you, and had never injured you. I resented it also, because I wished to prove to you that I was a De Benyon, and had spirit to resist an insult. But, general, if you imagine that I have come here with a determination of forcing myself upon you, you are much mistaken. I am too proud, and happily am independent by my own exertions, so as not to require your assist-

ance. Had you received me kindly, believe me, you would have found a grateful and affectionate heart to have met that kindness. You would have found a son, whose sole object through life has been to discover a father, after whom he has yearned, who would have been delighted to have administered to his wants, to have yielded to his wishes, to have soothed him in his pain, and to have watched him in his sickness. Deserted as I have been for so many years, I trust that I have not disgraced you, General De Benyon ; and if ever I have done wrong, it has been from a wish to discover you. I can appeal to Lord Windermear for the truth of that assertion. Allow me to say, that it is a very severe trial—an ordeal which few pass through with safety—to be thrown as I have been upon the world, with no friend, no parent to assist or to advise me, to have to bear up against the contingency of being of unacknowledged and perhaps disgraceful birth. It is harder still, when I ex-

pected to find my dearest wishes realized, that without any other cause than that of my features resembling those of my mother, I am to be again cast away. One thing, General De Benyon, I request, and I trust it will not be denied, which is, that I may assume the name which I am entitled to. I pledge you that I never will disgrace it. And now, sir, asking and expecting no more, I take my leave, and you may be assured, that neither poverty, privation, nor affliction of any kind, will ever induce me to again intrude into your presence. General De Benyon, farewell for ever."

I made my father a profound bow, and was quitting the room.

"Stop, sir," said the general. "Stop one moment, if you please."

I obeyed,

"Why did you put me out of temper? Answer me that."

"Allow me to observe, sir, that I did not put you out of temper; and what is more, that

I never lost my own temper during the insult and injury which I so undeservedly and unexpectedly have received."

"But that very keeping your temper made me more angry, sir."

"That is very possible; but surely I was not to blame. The greatest proof of a perfect gentleman is, that he is able to command his temper, and I wished you to acknowledge that I was not without such pretensions."

"That is as much as to say that your father is no gentleman; and this, I presume, is a specimen of your filial duty," replied the general, warmly.

"Far from it, sir; there are many gentlemen who, unfortunately, cannot command their tempers, and are more to be pitied than blamed for it; but, sir, when such happens to be the case, they invariably redeem their error, and amply so, by expressing their sorrow, and offering an apology."

"That is as much as to say, that you expect me to apologize to you."

“ Allow me, sir, to ask you, did you ever know a De Benyon submit to an insult ?”

“ No, sir, I trust not.”

“ Then, sir, those whose feelings of pride will not allow them to submit to an insult ought never to insult others. If, in the warmth of the moment, they have done so, that pride should immediately induce them to offer an apology, not only due to the party, but to their own characters. There is no disgrace in making an apology when we are in error, but there is a great disgrace in withholding such an act of common justice and réparation.”

“ I presume I am to infer from all this, that you expect an apology from me ?”

“ General De Benyon, as far as I am concerned, that is now of little importance ; we part, and shall probably never meet again ; if you think that it would make you feel more comfortable, I am willing to receive it.”

“ I must suppose by that observation, that you fully expect it, and otherwise will not stay ?”

“ I never had a thought of staying, general ; you have told me that you have disinherited and discarded me for ever ; no one with the feelings of a man would ever think of remaining after such a declaration.”

“ Upon what terms, then, sir, am I to understand that you will consent to remain with me, and forget all that has passed ?”

“ My terms are simple, general ; you must say that you retract what you have said, and are very sorry for having insulted me.”

“ And without I do that, you will never come here again ?”

“ Most decidedly not, sir. I shall always wish you well, pray for your happiness, be sorry at your death, and attend your funeral as chief mourner, although you disinherit me. That is my duty, in return for my having taken your name, and your having acknowledged that I am your son ; but live with you, or even see you occasionally, I will not, after what has passed this day, without you make me an apology.”

M 5

“I was not aware that it was necessary for a father to apologize to his son.”

“If you wrong a stranger, you offer an apology; how much more is it due to a near relation?”

“But a parent has claims upon his own son, sir, for which he is bound to tender his duty.”

“I grant it, in the ordinary course of things in this life; but, General De Benyon, what claims have you as a parent upon me? A son in most cases is indebted to his parents for their care and attention in infancy—his education—his religious instruction—his choice of a profession, and his advancement in life, by their exertions and interest; and when they are called away, he has a reasonable expectation of their leaving him a portion of their substance. They have a heavy debt of gratitude to pay for what they have received, and they are further checked by the hopes of what they may hereafter receive. Up to this time, sir, I have not received the first, and this day I am told that I

need not expect the last. Allow me to ask you, General De Benyon, upon what grounds you claim from me a filial duty? certainly not for benefits received, or for benefits in expectation; but I feel that I am intruding, and therefore, sir, once more, with every wish for your happiness, I take my leave."

I went out, and had half closed the door after me, when the general cried out, "Stop—don't go—Japhet—my son—I was in a passion—I beg your pardon—don't mind what I said—I'm a passionate old fool."

As he uttered this in broken sentences, I returned to him. He held out his hand. "Forgive me, boy—forgive your father." I knelt down and kissed his hand; he drew me towards him, and I wept upon his bosom.

CHAPTER XXI.

Father still dutifully submissive at home—Abroad, I am splitting a straw in arguments with Susannah about straw bonnets—The rest of the Chapter contains coquetry, courting, and costumes.

It was some time before we were sufficiently composed to enter into conversation, and then I tried my utmost to please him. Still there was naturally a restraint on both sides, but I was so particular and devoted in my attentions, so careful of giving offence, that when he complained of weariness, and a wish to retire, he stipulated that I should be with him to breakfast on the next morning

I hastened to Mr. Masterton, although it

was late, to communicate to him all that had passed ; he heard me with great interest. " Japhet," said he, " you have done well—it is the proudest day of your life. You have completely mastered him. The royal Bengal tiger is tamed. I wish you joy, my dear fellow. Now I trust that all will be well. But keep your own counsel, do not let this be known at Reading. Let them still imagine that your father is as passionate as ever, which he will be, by-the-by, with everybody else. You have still to follow up your success, and leave me to help you in other matters."

I returned home to the Piazza, and, thankful to Heaven for the events of the day, I soon fell fast asleep, and dreamt of Susannah Temple. The next morning I was early at the Adelphi Hotel ; my father had not yet risen, but the native servants who passed in and out, attending upon him, and who took care to give me a wide berth, had informed him that " Burra Saib's" son was come, and he sent for me. His

leg was very painful and uncomfotable, and the surgeon had not yet made his appearance. I arranged it as before, and he then dressed, and came out to breakfast. I had said nothing before the servants, but as soon as he was comfortable on the sofa I took his hand, and kissed it, saying, "Good morning, my dear father ; I hope you do not repent of your kindness to me yesterday."

"No, no ; God bless you, boy. I've been thinking of you all night."

"All's right," thought I ; "and I trust to be able to keep it so."

I shall pass over a fortnight, during which I was in constant attendance upon my father. At times he would fly out in a most violent manner, but I invariably kept my temper, and when it was all over, would laugh at him, generally repeating and acting all which he had said and done during his paroxysm. I found this rather dangerous ground at first, but by degrees, he became used to it, and it was won-

derful how it acted as a check upon him. He would not at first believe but that I exaggerated, when the picture was held up to his view and he was again calm. My father was not naturally a bad tempered man, but having been living among a servile race, and holding high command in the army, he had gradually acquired a habit of authority and an impatience of contradiction which was unbearable to all around. Those who were high-spirited and sensitive shunned him; the servile and the base continued with him for their own interests, but trembled at his wrath. I had during this time narrated to my father the events of my life, and, I am happy to say, had, by attention and kindness joined with firmness and good temper, acquired a dominion over him. I had at his request removed to the hotel, and lived with him altogether. His leg was rapidly arriving to a state of convalescence, and he now talked of taking a house and setting up his establishment in London. I had seen but little of Mr.

Masterton during this time, as I had remained in-doors in attendance upon the general. I had written once to Mr. Cophagus, stating how I was occupied, but saying nothing about our reconciliation. One morning, Mr. Masterton called upon us, and after a little conversation with the general, he told me that he had persuaded Mr. Cophagus and his wife to leave Reading and come to London, and that Susannah Temple was to come with them.

“On a visit?” inquired I.

“No, not on a visit. I have seen Cophagus, and he is determined to cut the Quakers, and reside in London altogether.”

“What! does he intend to return to the pomps and vanities of this wicked world?”

“Yes, I believe so, and his wife will join him. She has no objection to decorate her pretty person.”

“I never thought that she had—but Susannah Temple——”

“When Susannah is away from her friends,

when she finds that her sister and brother-in-law no longer wear the dress, and when she is constantly in your company, to all which please to add the effect I trust of my serious admonitions, she will soon do as others do, or she is no woman. This is all my plan, and leave it to me—only play your part by seeing as much of her as you can.”

“ You need not fear that,” replied I.

“ Does your father know of your attachment ?” inquired Mr. Masterton.

“ No, I passed her over without mentioning her name,” replied I. “ It is too soon yet to talk to him about my marrying ; in fact, the proposal must, if possible, come from him. Could not you manage that ?”

“ Yes, I will if I can ; but, as you say, wait awhile. Here is their address—you must call to-morrow, if you can ; and do you think you can dine with me on Thursday ?”

“ Yes, if the general continues improving ; if not, I will send you word.”

The next day I complained of a head-ache, and said, that I would walk out until dinner-time. I hastened to the address given me by Mr. Masterton, and found that Mr. Cophagus and his wife were out, but Susannah remained at home. After our first questions, I inquired of her how she liked London.

“ I am almost afraid to say, Japhet, at least to you ; you would only laugh at me.”

“ Not so, Susannah ; I never laugh when I know people are sincere.”

“ It appears to me, then, to be a vanity fair.”

“ That there is more vanity in London than in any other city, I grant,” replied I ; “ but recollect, that there are more people and more wealth. I do not think that there is more in proportion than in other towns in England, and if there is more vanity, Susannah, recollect also that there is more industry, more talent, and I should hope a greater proportion of good and honest people among its multitudes ; there is also, unfortunately, more misery and more crime.”

“ I believe you are right, Japhet. Are you aware that Mr. Cophagus has put off his plain attire?”

“ If it grieves you, Susannah, it grieves me also ; but I presume he finds it necessary not to be so remarkable.”

“ For him, I could find some excuse ; but what will you say, Japhet, when I tell you that my own sister, born and bred up to our tenets, hath also much deviated from the dress of the females of our sect ?”

“ In what hath she made an alteration ?”

“ She has a bonnet of plaited straw with ribbons.”

“ Of what colour are the ribbons ?”

“ Nay, of the same as her dress—of grey.”

“ Your bonnet, Susannah, is of grey silk ; I do not see that there is vanity in descending to straw, which is a more homely commodity. But what reason has she given ?”

“ That her husband wills it, as he does not like to walk out with her in her Quaker’s dress.”

“Is it not her duty to obey her husband, even as I obey my father, Susannah?—but I am not ashamed to walk out with you in your dress; so if you have no objection, let me show you a part of this great city.”

Susannah consented: we had often walked together in the town of Reading: she was evidently pleased at what I said. I soon escorted her to Oxford Street, from thence down Bond Street and through all the most frequented parts of the metropolis. The dress naturally drew upon her the casual glance of the passengers, but her extreme beauty turned the glance to an ardent gaze, and long before we had finished our intended walk, Susannah requested that I would go home. She was not only annoyed but almost alarmed at the constant and reiterated scrutiny which she underwent, ascribing it to her dress, and not to her lovely person. As soon as we returned I sat down with her.

“So I understand that Mr. Cophagus intends to reside altogether in London.”

“ I have not heard so ; I understood that it was business which called him hither for a few weeks. I trust not, for I shall be unhappy here.”

“ May I ask why ?”

“ The people are rude—it is not agreeable to walk out.”

“ Recollect, my dear Susannah, that those of your sect are not so plentiful in London as elsewhere, and if you wear a dress so different from other people, you must expect that curiosity will be excited. You cannot blame them—it is you who make yourself conspicuous, almost saying to the people by your garment, ‘ Come, and look at me.’ I have been reflecting upon what Mr. Masterton said to you at Reading, and I do not know whether he was not right in calling it a garb of pride instead of a garb of humility.”

“ If I thought so, Japhet, even I would throw it off,” replied Susannah.

“ It certainly is not pleasant that every one

should think that you walk out on purpose to be stared at, yet such is the ill-natured construction of the world, and they will never believe otherwise. It is possible, I should think, to dress with equal simplicity and neatness, to avoid gay colours, and yet to dress so as not to excite observation."

"I hardly know what to say, but that you all appear against me, and that sometimes I feel that I am too presumptuous in thus judging for myself."

"I am not against you, Susannah; I know you will do what you think is right, and I shall respect you for that, even if I disagree with you; but I must say, that if my wife were to dress in such a way as to attract the public gaze, I should feel too jealous to approve of it. I do not, therefore, blame Mr. Cophagus for inducing his pretty wife to make some alteration in her attire, neither do I blame but I commend her for obeying the wishes of her husband. Her beauty is his, and not common property."

Susannah did not reply; she appeared very thoughtful.

“ You disagree with me, Susannah,” said I, after a pause; “ I am sorry for it.”

“ I cannot say that I do, Japhet; I have learnt a lesson this day, and, in future, I must think more humbly of myself, and be more ruled by the opinions and judgment of others.”

Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus then came in. Cophagus had resumed his medical coat and waistcoat, but not his pantaloons or Hessians: his wife, who had a very good taste in dress, would not allow him. She was in her grey silk gown, but wore a large handsome shawl, which covered all but the skirts; on her head she had a Leghorn bonnet, and certainly looked very pretty. As usual, she was all good-humour and smiles. I told them that we had been walking out, and that Susannah had been much annoyed by the staring of the people.

“ Always so,” said Cophagus, “ never mind—girls like it—feel pleased—and so on.”

“ You wrong me much, brother Cophagus,” replied Susannah, “ it pained me exceedingly.”

“ All very well to say so—know better—sly puss—will wear dress—people say, pretty Quaker—and so on.”

Susannah hastily left the room after this attack, and I told them what had passed.

“ Mrs. Cophagus,” said I, “ order a bonnet and shawl like yours for her, without telling her, and perhaps you will persuade her to put then on.”

Mrs. Cophagus thought the idea excellent, and promised to procure them. Susannah not making her re-appearance, I took leave and arrived at the hotel in good time for dinner.

“ Japhet,” said the general to me as we were at table, “ you have mentioned Lord Windermear very often, have you called upon him lately ?”

“ No, sir, it is now two years and more since I have seen him. When I was summoned to town to meet you, I was too much agitated to

think of any thing else, and since that I have had too much pleasure in your company."

"Say, rather, my good boy, that you have nursed me so carefully that you have neglected your friends and your health. Take my carriage to-morrow, and call upon him, and after that, you had better drive about a little, for you have been looking pale these last few days. I hope to get out myself in a short time, and then we will have plenty of amusement together in setting up our establishment."

CHAPTER XXII.

I renew old ties of friendship, and seek new ones of love—Obliged to take my father to task once more—He receives his lesson with proper obedience.

I took the carriage the next day, and drove to Lord Windermear's. He was at home, and I gave my name to the servant as Mr. De Benyon. It was the first time that I had made use of my own name. His lordship was alone when I entered. He bowed, as if not recognising me, and waved his hand to a chair.

“ My lord, I have given my true name, and you treat me as a perfect stranger. I will mention my former name, and I trust you will

honour me with a recognition. I was Japhet Newland."

"My dear Mr. Newland, you must accept my apology; but it is so long since we met, and I did not expect to see you again."

"I thought, my lord, that Mr. Masterton had informed you of what had taken place."

"No; I have just come from a visit to my sisters in Westmoreland, and have received no letters from him."

"I have, my lord, at last succeeded in finding out the object of my mad search, as you were truly pleased to call it, in the Honourable General De Benyon, lately arrived from the East Indies."

"Where his services are well known," added his lordship. "Mr. De Benyon, I congratulate you with all my heart. When you refused my offers of assistance, and left us all in that mad way, I certainly despaired of ever seeing you again. I am glad that you re-appear under

such fortunate auspices. Has your father any family ?”

“ None, my lord, but myself ; and my mother died in the East Indies.”

“ Then I presume, from what I know at the Board of Controul, that you may *now* safely be introduced as a young gentleman of large fortune ; allow me at least to assist your father in placing you in your proper sphere in society. Where is your father ?”

“ At present, my lord, he is staying at the Adelphi Hotel, confined to his room by an accident, but I trust that in a few days, he will be able to come out.”

“ Will you offer my congratulations to him, and tell him, that if he will allow me, I will have the honour of paying my respects to him. Will you dine with me on Monday next ?”

I returned my thanks, accepted the invitation, and took my leave, his lordship saying as he shook hands with me, “ You don’t know

how happy this intelligence has made me. I trust that your father and I shall be good friends."

When I returned to the carriage, as my father had desired me to take an airing, I thought I might as well have a companion, so I directed them to drive to Mr. Cophagus's. The servant knocked, and I went in as soon as the door was opened. Susannah and Mrs. Cophagus were sitting in the room.

"Susannah," said I, "I know you do not like to walk out, so I thought, perhaps, you would have no objection to take an airing in the carriage; my father has lent it to me. Will you come?—it will do you good."

"It is very kind of you, Japhet, to think of me; but——"

"But what?" replied Mrs. Cophagus. "Surely thou wilt not refuse, Susannah. It would savour much of ingratitude on thy part."

"I will not then be ungrateful," replied Susannah, leaving the room; and in a short time

she returned in a Leghorn bonnet and shawl like her sister's. "Do not I prove that I am not ungrateful, Japhet, since to do credit to thy carriage, I am content to depart from the rules of our persuasion?" said Susannah, smiling.

"I feel the kindness and the sacrifice you are making to please me, Susannah," replied I; "but let us lose no time."

I handed her down to the carriage, and we drove to the Park. It was a beautiful day, and the Park was filled with pedestrians as well as carriages. Susannah was much astonished, as well as pleased. "Now, Susannah," said I, "if you were to call this Vanity Fair, you would not be far wrong; but still, recollect that even all this is productive of much good. Reflect how many industrious people find employment and provision for their families by the building of these gay vehicles, their painting and ornamenting. How many are employed at the loom, and at the needle, in making these gay dresses. This vanity is the cause of wealth

not being hoarded, but finding its way through various channels, so as to produce comfort and happiness to thousands."

"Your observations are just, Japhet, but you have lived in the world, and seen much of it. I am as one just burst from an egg-shell, all amazement. I have been living in a little world of my own thoughts, surrounded by a mist of ignorance, and not being able to penetrate farther, have considered myself wise when I was not."

"My dear Susannah, this is a chequered world, but not a very bad one—there is in it much of good as well as evil. The sect to which you belong avoid it—they know it not—and they are unjust towards it. During the time that I lived at Reading, I will candidly state to you that I met with many who called themselves of the persuasion, who were wholly unworthy of it, but they made up in outward appearance and hypocrisy, what they wanted in their conduct to their fellow-creatures. Be-

lieve me, Susannah, there are pious and good, charitable and humane, conscientious and strictly honourable people among those who now pass before your view in such gay procession ; but society requires that the rich should spend their money in superfluities, that the poor may be supported. Be not deceived, therefore, in future, by the outward garments, which avail nothing."

"You have induced me much to alter my opinions already, Japhet ; so has that pleasant friend of thine, Mr Masterton, who has twice called since we have been in London ; but is it not time that we should return ?"

"It is indeed later than I thought it was, Susannah," replied I, looking at my watch, "and I am afraid that my father will be impatient for my return. I will order them to drive home "

As we drove along, leaning against the back of the carriage, my hand happened to touch that of Susannah, which lay beside her on the

cushion, I could not resist taking it in mine, and it was not withdrawn. What my thoughts were, the reader may imagine: Susannah's I cannot acquaint him with; but in that position we remained in silence until the carriage stopped at Cophagus's door. I handed Susannah out of the carriage, and went up stairs for a few moments. Mrs. Cophagus and her husband were out.

"Susannah, this is very kind of you, and I return you my thanks. I never felt more happy than when seated with you in that carriage."

"I have received both amusement and instruction, Japhet, and ought to thank you. Do you know what passed in my mind at one time?"

"No—tell me."

"When I first knew you, and you came among us, I was, as it were, the guide, a presumptuous one perhaps to you, and you listened to me—now it is reversed—now that we are removed and in the world, it is you that are the guide, and it is I who listen and obey."

“Because, Susannah, when we first met I was much in error, and had thought too little of serious things, and you were fit to be my guide: now we are mixing in the world, with which I am better acquainted than yourself. You then corrected me, when I was wrong: I now point out to you where you are not rightly informed: but, Susannah, what you have learnt of me is as nought compared with the valuable precepts which I gained from your lips—precepts which, I trust, no collision with the world will ever make me forget.”

“Oh! I love to hear you say that; I was fearful that the world would spoil you, Japhet; but it will not—will it?”

“Not so long as I have you still with me, Susannah: but if I am obliged to mix again with the world, tell me, Susannah, will you reject me?—will you desert me?—will you return to your own people and leave me so exposed? Susannah, dearest, you must know how long, how dearly I have loved you:—you know that, if I had not been sent for and obliged

to obey the message, I would have lived and died content with you. Will you not listen to me now, or do you reject me?"

I put my arm round her waist, her head fell upon my shoulder, and she burst into tears. "Speak, dearest, this suspense is torture to me," continued I.

"I do love you, Japhet," replied she at last, looking fondly at me through her tears; "but I know not whether this earthly love may not have weakened my affection towards Heaven. If so, may God pardon me, for I cannot help it."

After this avowal, for a few minutes, which appeared seconds, we were in each other's arms, when Susannah disengaged herself.

"Dearest Japhet, thy father will be much displeased."

"I cannot help it," replied I, "I shall submit to his displeasure."

"Nay, but, Japhet, why risk thy father's wrath?"

"Well, then," replied I, attempting to reach her lips, "I will go."

“Nay, nay—indeed, Japhet, you exact too much—it is not seemly.”

“Then I won’t go.”

“Recollect about thy father.”

“It is you who detain me, Susannah.”

“I must not injure thee with thy father, Japhet, it were no proof of my affection—but, indeed, you are self-willed.”

“God bless you, Susannah,” said I, as I gained the contested point, and hastened to the carriage.

My father was a little out of humour when I returned, and questioned me rather sharply as to where I had been. I half pacified him by delivering Lord Windermear’s polite message ; but he continued his interrogations, and although I had pointed out to him that a De Benyon would never be guilty of an untruth, I am afraid I told some half dozen on this occasion ; but I consoled myself with the reflection, that, in the code of honour of a fashionable man, he is bound, if necessary, to tell

falsehoods where a lady is concerned ; so I said I had driven through the streets looking at the houses, and had twice stopped and had gone in to examine them. My father supposed that I had been looking out for a house for him, and was satisfied. Fortunately they were job horses ; had they been his own I should have been in a severe scrape. Horses are the only part of an establishment which the gentlemen have any consideration for, and on which ladies have no mercy.

I had promised the next day to dine with Mr. Masterton. My father had taken a great aversion to this old gentleman until I had narrated the events of my life, in which he had played such a conspicuous and friendly part. Then, to do my father justice, his heart warmed towards him.

“ My dear sir, I have promised to dine out to-day.”

“ With whom, Japhet ?”

“ Why, sir, to tell you the truth, with that ‘old thief of a lawyer.’ ”

"I am very much shocked at your using such an expression towards one who has been such a sincere friend, Japhet; and you will oblige me, sir, by not doing so again in my presence."

"I really beg your pardon, general," replied I, "but I thought to please you."

"Please me! what do you think of me? please me, sir, by showing yourself ungrateful?—I am ashamed of you, sir."

"My dear father, I borrowed the expression from you. You called Mr. Masterton 'an old thief of a lawyer' to his face: he complained to me of the language before I had the pleasure of meeting you. I feel, and always shall feel, the highest respect, love, and gratitude towards him. Have I your permission to go?"

"Yes, Japhet," replied my father, looking very grave, "and do me the favour to apologize for me to Mr. Masterton for my having used such an expression in my unfortunate warmth of temper—I am ashamed of myself."

“ My dearest father, no man need be ashamed who is so ready to make honourable reparation : —we are all a little out of temper at times.”

“ You have been a kind friend to me, Japhet, as well as a good son,” replied my father, with some emotion. “ Don’t forget the apology at all events: I shall be unhappy until it be made.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

Treats of apologies, and love coming from church—We finesse with the nabob to win me a wife—I am successful in my suit, yet the lawyer is still to play the cards to enable me to win the game.

I ARRIVED at Mr. Masterton's, and walked into his room, when whom should I find in company with him but Harcourt.

“Japhet, I'm glad to see you : allow me to introduce you to Mr. Harcourt—Mr. De Benyon,” and the old gentleman grinned maliciously, but I was not to be taken aback.

“Harcourt,” said I, extending my hand, “I have to apologise to you for a rude reception and for unjust suspicions, but I was vexed at the time—if you will admit that as an excuse.”

“My dear Japhet,” replied Harcourt, taking my hand and shaking it warmly, “I have to apologize to you for much more unworthy behaviour, and it will be a great relief to my mind if you will once more enrol me in the list of your friends.”

“And now, Mr. Masterton,” said I, “as apologies appear to be the order of the day, I bring you one from the general, who has requested me to make one to you for having called you an old thief of a lawyer, of which he was totally ignorant until I reminded him of it to-day.”

Harcourt burst into a laugh.

“Well, Japhet, you may tell your old tiger, that I did not feel particularly affronted, as I took his expression *professionally* and not personally, and if he meant it in that sense, he was not far wrong. Japhet, to-morrow is Sunday; do you go to meeting or to church?”

“I believe, sir, that I shall go to church.”

“Well, then, come with me:—be here at

half-past two—we will go to evening service at St. James's."

"I have received many invitations, but I never yet received an invitation to go to church," replied I.

"You will hear an extra lesson of the day—a portion of Susannah and the Elders."

I took the equivoque, which was incomprehensible to Harcourt: I hardly need say, that the latter and I were on the best terms. When we separated, Harcourt requested leave to call upon me the next morning, and Mr. Master-ton said that he should also pay his respects to the tiger, as he invariably called my most honoured parent.

Harcourt was with me very soon after breakfast, and after I had introduced him to my "Governor," we retired to talk without interruption.

"I have much to say to you, De Benyon," commenced Harcourt: "first let me tell you, that after I rose from my bed, and discovered

that you had disappeared, I resolved, if possible, to find you out and induce you to come back. Timothy, who looked very sly at me, would tell me nothing, but that the last that was heard of you was at Lady de Clare's, at Richmond. Having no other clue, I went down there, introduced myself, and, as they will tell you, candidly acknowledged that I had treated you ill. I then requested that they would give me any clue by which you might be found, for I had an opportunity of offering to you a situation which was at my father's disposal, and which any gentleman might have accepted, although it was not very lucrative."

"It was very kind of you, Harcourt."

"Do not say that, I beg. It was thus that I formed an acquaintance with Lady de Clare and her daughter, whose early history, as Fleta, I had obtained from you, but who, I little imagined to be the little girl that you had so generously protected; for it was not until after I had deserted you, that you had discovered her

parentage. The extreme interest relative to you evinced by both the mother and the daughter surprised me. They had heard of my name from you, but not of our quarrel. They urged me, and thanked me for proposing, to follow you and find you out: I did make every attempt. I went to Brentford, inquired at all the public-houses, and of all the coachmen who went down the road, but could obtain no information, except that at one public-house, a gentleman stopped with a portmanteau, and soon afterwards went away with it on his shoulders. I returned to Richmond with the tidings of my ill-success about a week after I had first called there. Cecilia was much affected and cried very bitterly. I could not help asking Lady de Clare why she took such a strong interest in your fortunes.' 'Who ought,' replied Cecilia, 'if his poor Fleta does not?' 'Good Heavens! Miss de Clare, are you the little Fleta whom he found with the gipsies, and talked to me so much about?' 'Did

you not know it?" said Lady de Clare. I then explained to her all that had latterly passed between us, and they in return communicated your events and dangers in Ireland. Thus was an intimacy formed, and ever since I have been constantly welcome at their house. I did not, however, abandon my inquiries for many months, when I thought it was useless, and I had to console poor Cecilia, who constantly mourned for you. And now, Japhet, I must make my story short: I could not help admiring a young person who showed so much attachment and gratitude joined to such personal attractions, but she was an heiress and I was a younger brother. Still Lady de Clare insisted upon my coming to the house, and I was undecided how to act when the unfortunate death of my elder brother put me in a situation to aspire to her hand. After that my visits were more frequent, and I was tacitly received as a suitor by Lady de Clare, and had no reason to complain of the treatment I received from Ce

ilia. Such was the position of affairs until the day on which you broke in upon us so unexpectedly, and at the very moment that you came in, I had, with the sanction of her mother, made an offer to Cecilia, and was anxiously awaiting an answer from her own dear lips. Can you therefore be surprised, Japhet, at there being a degree of constraint on all sides at the interruption occasioned by the presence of one who had long been considered lost to us? Or that a young person just deciding upon the most important step of her life should feel confused and agitated at the entrance of a third party, however dear he might be to her as a brother and benefactor?"

"I am perfectly satisfied, Harcourt," replied I: "and I will go there, and make my peace as soon as I can."

"Indeed, Japhet, if you knew the distress of Cecilia you would pity and love her more than ever. Her mother is also much annoyed. As soon as you were gone, they desired me

to hasten after you and bring you back. Cecilia had not yet given her answer: I requested it before my departure, but, I presume to stimulate me, she declared that she would give me no answer, until I reappeared with you. This is now three weeks ago, and I have not dared to go there. I have been trying all I can to see you again since you repulsed me at the Piazza, but without success, until I went to Mr. Masterton, and begged him to procure me an interview. I thank God it has succeeded."

"Well, Harcourt, you shall see Cecilia to-morrow morning, if you please."

"Japhet, what obligations I am under to you! Had it not been for you I never should have known Cecilia; and more, were it not for your kindness, I might perhaps lose her for ever."

"Not so, Harcourt; it was your own good feeling prompted you to find me out, which introduced you to Cecilia, and I wish you joy

with all my heart. This is a strange world—who would have imagined that in little Fleta I was picking up a wife for a man whose life I nearly took away? I will ask my governor for his carriage to-morrow, and will call and take you up at your lodgings at two o'clock, if that hour will suit you. I will tell you all that has passed since I absconded, when we are at Lady de Clare's; one story will do for all."

Harcourt then took his leave, and I returned to my father, with whom I found Lord Windermear.

"De Benyon, I am happy to see you again," said his lordship. "I have just been giving a very good character of you to the general; I hope you will continue to deserve it."

"I hope so too, my lord; I should be ungrateful indeed, if I did not, after my father's kindness to me."

Mr. Masterton was then introduced: Lord Windermear shook hands with him, and after a short conversation took his leave.

“Japhet,” said Mr. Masterton aside, “I have a little business with your father ; get out of the room any way you think best.”

“There are but two ways, my dear sir,” replied I, “the door or the windows : with your permission, I will select the former, as most agreeable :” so saying, I went to my own room. What passed between the general and Mr. Masterton I did not know until afterwards, but they were closeted upwards of an hour, when I was sent for by Mr. Masterton.

“Japhet, you said you would go with me to hear the new preacher ; we have no time to lose : so, general, I shall take my leave and run away with your son.”

I followed Mr. Masterton into his carriage, and we drove to the lodging of Mr. Cophagus. Susannah was all ready, and Mr. Masterton went up stairs and brought her down. A blush and a sweet smile illumined her features when she perceived me stowed away in the corner of the chariot. We drove off, and somehow or

another our hands again met and did not separate until we arrived at the church door. Susannah had the same dress on as when she had accompanied me in my father's carriage. I went through the responses with her, reading out of the same book, and I never felt more inclined to be devout, for I was happy, and grateful to Heaven for my happiness. When the service was over, we were about to enter the carriage, when who should accost us but Harcourt.

"You are surprised to see me here," said he to Mr. Masterton, "but I thought there must be something very attractive, that you should make an appointment with Japhet to go to this church, and as I am very fond of a good sermon, I determined to come and hear it."

Harcourt's ironical look told me all he would say.

"Well," replied Mr. Masterton, "I hope you have been edified—now get out of the way, and let us get into the carriage."

“To-morrow at two, De Benyon,” said Harcourt, taking another peep at Susannah.

“Yes, punctually,” replied I, as the carriage drove off.

“And now, my dear child,” said Mr. Masterton to Susannah, as the carriage rolled along, “tell me, have you been disappointed, or do you agree with me? You have attended a meeting of your own persuasion this morning—you have now, for the first time, listened to the ritual of the Established Church. To which do you give the preference?”

“I will not deny, sir, that I think, in departing from the forms of worship, those of my persuasion did not do wisely. I would not venture thus much to say, but you support me in my judgment.”

“You have answered like a good, sensible girl, and have proved that you can think for yourself; but observe, my child, I have persuaded you for once, and once only, to enter our place of worship, that you might compare

and judge for yourself ; it now remains for you to decide as you please."

"I would that some better qualified would decide for me," replied Susannah, gravely.

"Your husband, Susannah," whispered I, "must take that responsibility upon himself. Is he not the proper person?"

Susannah slightly pressed my hand, which held hers, and said nothing. As soon as we had conveyed her home, Mr. Masterton offered to do me the same kindness, which I accepted.

"Now, Japhet, I dare say that you would like to know what it was I had so particular to say to the old general this morning."

"Of course I would, sir, if it concerned me."

"It did concern you, for we had not been two minutes in conversation, before you were brought on the tapis ; he spoke of you with tears in his eyes—of what a comfort you had been to him, and how happy you had made him ; and that he could not bear you to be away from him for half an hour. "On that

hint I spake," and observed, that he must not expect you to continue in retirement long, neither must he blame you, that when he had set up his establishment, you would be as great a favourite as you were before, and be unable, without giving offence, to refuse the numerous invitations which you would receive. In short, that it was nothing but right you should resume your position in society, and it was his duty to submit to it. The old governor did not appear to like my observations, and said he expected otherwise from you. I replied, 'that it was impossible to change our natures, and the other sex would naturally have attractions which you would not be able to resist, and that they would occupy a large portion of your time.' The only way to ensure his company, my dear sir, is to marry him to a steady, amiable young woman, who, not having been thrown into the vortex of fashion, will find pleasure in domestic life. Then her husband will become equally domestic, and you

will be all very happy together.' Your father agreed with me, and appeared very anxious that it should take place. I then very carefully introduced Miss Temple, saying, that I knew you had a slight partiality in that quarter, highly commending her beauty, prudence, &c. I stated, that feeling an interest about you, I had gone down into the country where she resided, and had made her acquaintance, and had been much pleased with her; that since she had come up to town with her relations, I had seen a great deal, and had formed so high an opinion, and so strong an attachment to her, and had felt so convinced that she was the very person who would make you happy and domestic, that having no family myself, I had some idea of adopting her. At all events, that if she married you, I was determined to give her something very handsome on the day of the wedding."

"But, my dear sir, why should you not have said that Susannah Temple was left an orphan

at seven years old, and her fortune has accumulated ever since? it is by no means despicable, I understand, from Mr. Cophagus; and moreover, Mr. Cophagus intends to leave her all his property."

"I am very glad to hear it, Japhet, and will not fail to communicate all this to your father; but there is no reason why I may not do as I please with my own money—and I love that girl dearly. By-the-by, have you ever said any thing to her."

"O yes, sir, we are pledged to each other."

"That's all right; I thought so, when I saw your fingers hooked together in the carriage. But now, Japhet, I should recommend a little indifference—not exactly opposition, when your father proposes the subject to you. It will make him more anxious, and when you consent, more obliged to you. I have promised to call upon him to-morrow, on that and other business, and you had better be out of the way."

“ I shall be out of the way, sir ; I mean to go with Harcourt to Lady de Clare’s. I shall ask for the carriage.”

“ He will certainly lend it to you, as he wishes to get rid of you ; but here we are. God bless you, my boy.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Bengal tiger taken in the toils, which promise a speedy end to mine—I kindly permit my father to insist upon the marriage that I have set my heart upon.

I FOUND my father, who had now completely recovered from his accident, walking up and down the room in a brown study. He did not speak to me until after dinner, when he commenced with asking some questions relative to Cecilia de Clare. I replied, “that I intended, if he did not want the carriage, to call there to-morrow with Mr. Harcourt.”

“Is she very handsome?” inquired he.

“Very much so, sir. I do not think I ever saw a handsomer young person. Yes, I do recollect one.”

“Who was that?”

“A young lady with whom I was slightly acquainted, when living in the country.”

“I have been thinking, my dear boy, that with the competence which you will have, it is right that you should marry early; in so doing you will oblige your father, who is anxious to see his grandchildren before he dies. My health is not very good.”

I could not help smiling at this pathetic touch of the old governor's, who, if one could judge from appearances, was as strong as a lion, and likely to last almost as long as his dutiful son. Moreover, his appetite was enormous, and he invariably finished his bottle every day. I did not therefore feel any serious alarm as to his health, but I nevertheless replied, “Matrimony is a subject upon which I have never thought,”—(a hem! a De Benyon never tells an untruth!) “I am very young yet, and am too happy to remain with you.”

“But, my dear boy, I propose that you shall

remain with me—we will all live together. I do not intend that we shall part. I really wish, Japhet, you would think seriously of it.”

“ My dear father, allow me to observe, that at present I am not in a situation to support a wife, and I should be sorry to be a tax upon you, at your age ; you require many comforts and luxuries, and I presume that you live up to your income.”

“ Then, my dear fellow, you are under a great mistake. I can lay down one hundred thousand pounds on the day of your marriage, with any lady whom I approve of, and still not spend half my remaining income.”

“ That, sir,” replied I, “ certainly removes one difficulty, at the same time that it proves what a generous and indulgent father I am blessed with ; but, sir, with such a fortune, I have a right to expect that the lady will also bring a handsome addition. Miss De Clare is engaged, I believe, to Mr. Harcourt, or I

might have made strong interest in that quarter."

"Something, my dear boy; but a moderate fortune now-a-days is all that we expect with wives, and the best wives are those who are not born to too much wealth; still she should bring something; but tell me, Japhet, who is that young lady whom you thought handsomer than Miss De Clare?"

"A Miss Temple, sir."

"Temple—it is a very good name. I think girls brought up in the country make the best wives."

"They do, sir, most certainly; they are more domestic, and make their husbands more content and happy at home."

"Well, my dear boy, I have mentioned the subject, and wish you would think of it. You will please me much."

"My dear father, I shall be most happy to obey in every thing else, but in so serious a

point as uniting myself for life, I think you must allow that a little discretionary power should be given to a son. All I can say is this, show me a young person who is eligible, and if I find that I can love her, I will not refuse to obey your wishes."

"Well, sir, do as you please," replied my father, very angrily; "but I think, sir, when I desire you to fall in love, it is your duty to obey."

"Suppose I was to fall in love with a person you did not like, would you allow me to marry her?"

"Most certainly not, sir."

"Then, sir, is it reasonable to expect me to marry without being in love?"

"I did not marry for love, sir."

"No," replied I, forgetting myself a little; "and a pretty mess you made of it."

"I did," rejoined my father in a rage, "by begetting an undutiful, good-for-nothing, graceless, insolent, ungrateful son."

"My dear father, I was not aware that I had a brother."

"I mean you, sir."

"To prove to you how unjust you are, sir, and how little I deserve what you have called me, I now promise you to marry as soon as you wish."

"Thank you, my boy, that's kind of you; but I will say that you are a comfort and a treasure to me, and I bless the day that brought you to my arms. Well, then, look about you.'

"No, sir, I leave it all to you; select the party, and I am willing to obey you."

"My dear boy! Well, then, I'll talk the matter over with Mr. Masterton to-morrow," and the general shook me warmly by the hand.

The next day I picked up Harcourt, and proceeded to Park Street. A note from Harcourt had informed them of our intended visit, and other visitors had been denied. "All has been explained, Cecilia," said I, after the first greeting. "I was very wrong, and very foolish."

“ And made me very miserable. I little thought that you, Japhet, would have made me cry so much ; but I forgive you for it, as I would a thousand times as much more. Now sit down and tell us all that has happened since you left us.”

“ Not yet, my dear Cecilia. You, as well as I, owe a reparation to poor Harcourt, whom, I think, you have treated cruelly. You were about to answer a question of vital moment when I broke in upon you, and you have since kept him in a state of cruel suspense for more than three weeks, refusing him an answer until he brought me into your presence. An hour of such suspense must be dreadful, and before we sit down, I wish every one should feel comfortable and happy.”

“ It was not altogether to stimulate Mr. Harcourt to bring you back, which induced me to refuse to answer his question, Japhet. I considered that your return had rendered it necessary that it should be deferred until I saw

you. I have not forgotten, Japhet, and never forget, what I was when you rescued me ; and when I think what I might have been had you not saved me, I shudder at the bare idea. I have not forgotten how you risked, and nearly lost your life in Ireland for my sake—neither has my mother. We are indebted to you for all our present happiness, and I am eternally indebted to you for rescuing me from ignorance, poverty, and, perhaps, vice. You have been more, much more than a father to me—more, much more than a brother. I am, as it were, a creature of your own fashioning, and I owe to you that which I never can repay. When, then, you returned so unexpectedly, Japhet, I felt that you had a paramount right in my disposal, and I was glad that I had not replied to Mr. Harcourt, as I wished first for your sanction and approval. I know all that has passed between you, but I know not your real feelings towards Mr. Harcourt ; he acknowledges that he treated you very ill, and it was

his sincere repentance of having so done, and his praise of you, which first won my favour. And now, Japhet, if you have still animosity against Mr. Harcourt—if you——”

“ Stop, my dear Fleta, I will answer all your questions at once.” I took Harcourt’s hand, and placed it in her’s. “ May God bless you both, and may you be happy !”

Cecilia threw her arms round me and wept ; so did every body else, I believe. It was lucky for Harcourt that I was in love with Susannah Temple. As soon as Cecilia had recovered a little, I kissed her, and passed her over to her right owner, who led her to the sofa. Lady de Clare and I went out of the room on important business, and did not return for a quarter of an hour. When we returned, Cecilia went to her mother and embraced her, while Harcourt silently squeezed my hand. We then all sat down, and I gave them an account of all that had passed during my second excursion—how I had nearly been hanged—how I had gone mad

—how I had turned Quaker and apothecary—which they all agreed, with what had happened to me before, made up a very eventful history.

“And, Japhet, if it be a fair question about one so fair, was that Miss Temple who was at church with you yesterday?”

“It was.”

“Then, Cecilia, if ever she appears in the same circle, except in my eyes, your beauty will stand in some danger of being eclipsed.”

“How can you say, except in your eyes, Mr. Harcourt,” replied Cecilia, the very observation proves that it is eclipsed in your eyes, whatever it may be in those of others. Now, as a punishment, I have a great mind to order you away again, until you bring her face to face, that I may judge myself.”

“If I am again banished,” replied Harcourt, “I shall have a second time to appeal to De Bén-yon to be able to come back again. He can produce her, I have no doubt.”

“And perhaps may, some of these days, Cecilia.”

"Oh ! do, Japhet. I will love her so."

"You must wait a little first. I am not quite so far advanced as you and Harcourt. I have not received the consent of all parties, as you have to-day. But I must now leave you, Harcourt, I presume you will dine here. I must dine with my governor."

On my return, I found that the table was laid for three, and that the general had asked Mr. Masterton, from which I augured well. Masterton could not speak to me when he arrived, but he gave me a wink and a smile, and I was satisfied. "Japhet," said my father, "you have no engagement to-morrow, I hope, because I shall call at Mr. Masterton's on business, and wish you to accompany me."

I replied, "that I should be most happy," and the conversation became general.

I accompanied my father the next day to Lincoln's Inn, and when we went up, we found Mr. Masterton at the table, with Mr. Cophagus and Susannah sitting apart near the window.

"The plot thickens," thought I. The fact was, as I was afterwards told by Mr. Masterton, he had prevailed upon Cophagus to pretend business, and to bring Susannah with him, and appointed them a quarter of an hour before our time. This he had arranged, that the general might see Miss Temple, as if by accident; and also allow me, who, my father supposed, was not aware of Miss Temple being in town, to meet with her. What a deal of humbug there is in this world! Nothing but plot and counterplot! I shook hands with Cophagus, who, I perceived, had, notwithstanding his wife's veto, put on his blue cotton net pantaloons and Hessian boots, and he appeared to be so tight in both, that he could hardly move. As far as I could judge, his legs had not improved since I had last seen them in this his favourite dress.

"Mr. De Benyon, I believe that you have met Miss Temple before," said Mr. Masterton, winking at me. "In Berkshire, was it not?"

Miss Temple, allow me to introduce General De Benyon."

I went up to Susannah, who coloured and trembled at the sight of my father, as I expressed my hope that she had been well since we last met. She perceived that there was some planned scheme, and was so puzzled that she said nothing. My father then spoke to her, and after a short time took a chair, and seated himself close to her. I never knew her make herself so agreeable. He asked her where she was staying, and when he heard that it was with Mr. Cophagus, he said that he should have the pleasure of calling upon Mr. Cophagus, and thank him for his kind information relative to me. Shortly afterwards Cophagus took his leave, and Susannah rose to accompany him; when my father, hearing that they had walked, insisted upon putting Miss Temple down in his carriage. So that Mr. Cophagus had to walk home one way, and I the other.

CHAPTER XXV.

Poor Cophagus finds an end to his adventures by the means of a mad bull ; I of mine, by matrimony—Father is prettily behaved, and my Quaker wife the most fashionably dressed lady in town—verily ! hum !

ALAS ! little did Mr. Cophagus know how fatal to him would be the light cotton nets when he put them on that day. He had proceeded, as it appears, about two-thirds of his way home, (he lived in Welbeck Street,) when he perceived a rush from up a street leading into Oxford Street. He looked to ascertain the cause, when to his horror he perceived—what to him was the greatest of all horrors—a mad bull. If any thing could make Mr. Cophagus run, it was a

sight like that, and he did run; but he could not run fast in his cotton nets and tight Hessians, which crippled him altogether. As if out of pure spite, the bull singled him out from at least one hundred, who exerted their agility, and again was poor Mr. Cophagus tossed far behind the animal, fortunately breaking his fall by tumbling on a large dog who was in full chase. The dog, who was unable to crawl from beneath the unfortunate Cophagus, was still in a condition to bite, which he did most furiously; and the butcher, who had an affection for his dog, when he perceived its condition, also vented his fury upon poor Cophagus, by saluting him with several blows on his head with his cudgel. What between the bull, the dog, and the butcher, poor Mr. Cophagus was taken into a shop in a very deplorable condition. After some time he recovered, and was able to name his residence, when he was taken home.

It was late in the evening when I received a

note from Susannah, informing me of that unfortunate accident. My father had just finished a long story about filial duty, country girls, good wives, &c. and had wound up by saying, that he and Mr. Masterton both considered that Miss Temple would be a very eligible match, and that as I had requested him to select, he had selected her accordingly. I had just proved how truly dutiful I was, by promising to do all I could to love her, and to fulfil his wishes, when the note was put in my hands. I read it, stated its contents to my father, and, with his permission, immediately jumped into a hackney coach, and drove to Welbeck Street.

On my arrival I found poor Mrs. Cophagus in a state of syncope, and Susannah attending her. I sent for the surgeon who had been called in, and then went up to Mr. Cophagus. He was much better than I expected—calm, and quite sensible. His wounds had been dressed by the surgeon, but he did not appear to be aware of the extent of the injury he had

received. When the surgeon came I questioned him. He informed me that although much hurt, he did not consider that there was any danger to be apprehended ; there were no bones broken ; the only fear that he had was, that there might be some internal injury ; but at present that could not be ascertained. I thanked him, and consoled Mrs. Cophagus with this information. I then returned to her husband, who shook his head, and muttered, as I put my ear down to hear him. "Thought so—come to London—full of mad bulls—tossed—die—and so on."

"O no !" replied I, "the surgeon says that there is no danger. You will be up in a week—but now you must keep very quiet. I will send Mrs. Cophagus to you."

I went out, and finding her composed, I desired her to go to her husband, who wished to see her, and I was left alone with Susannah. I told her all that had passed, and after two delightful hours had escaped, I returned home

to the hotel. My father had waited up for some time, and finding that I did not return, had retired. When I met him the next morning I mentioned what the surgeon had said, but stated that, in my opinion, there was great cause for alarm in a man of Mr. Cophagus's advanced age. My father agreed with me, but could not help pointing out what a good opportunity this would afford for my paying my attentions to Miss Temple, as it was natural that I should be interested about so old a friend as Mr. Cophagus. My filial duty inclined me to reply, that I should certainly avail myself of such a favourable opportunity.

My adventures are now drawing to a close. I must pass over three months, during which my father had taken and furnished a house in Grosvenor Square; and I, whenever I could spare time, had, under the auspices of Lord Windermear, again been introduced into the world as Mr. De Benyon. I found that the new name was considered highly respectable,

my father's hall tables were loaded with cards, and I even received two *dinner* invitations from Lady Maelstrom, who told me how her dear nieces had wondered what had become of me, and that they were afraid that Louisa would have fallen into a decline. And during these three months Cecilia and Susannah had been introduced, and had become as inseparable as most young ladies are, who have a lover a-piece, and no cause for jealousy. Mr. Cophagus had so far recovered as to be able to go down into the country, vowing, much to the chagrin of his wife, that he never would put his foot in London again. He asked me whether I knew any place where there were *no mad bulls*, and I took some trouble to find out, but I could not; for even if he went to the North Pole, although there were no bulls, yet there were bull bisons and musk bulls, which were even more savage. Upon which he declared that this was not a world to live in, and to prove that he was sincere in his opinion, poor

fellow, about three months after his retirement into the country, he died from a general decay, arising from the shock produced on his system. But before these three months had passed, it had been finally arranged that Harcourt and I were to be united on the same day; and having renewed my acquaintance with the good bishop, whom I had taxed with being my father, he united us both to our respective partners. My father made over to me the sum which he had mentioned. Mr. Masterton gave Susannah ten thousand pounds, and her own fortune amounted to as much more, with the reversion of Mr. Cophagus's property at the decease of his widow. Timothy came up to the wedding, and I formally put him in the possession of my shop and stock in trade, and he has now a flourishing business. Although he has not yet found his mother, he has found a very pretty wife, which he says does quite as well, if not better.

Let it not be supposed that I forgot the

good services of Kathleen—who was soon after married to Corny. A small farm on Fleta's estate was appropriated to them, at so low a rent, that in a few years they were able to purchase the property, and Corny, from a leveller, as soon as he was comfortable, became one of the government's firmest supporters.

I am now living in the same house with my father, who is very happy, and behaves pretty well. He is seldom in a passion more than twice a-week, which we consider as miraculous. Now that I am writing this, he has his two grandchildren on his knees. Mrs. Copphagus has married a captain in the Life Guards, and as far as fashion and dress are concerned, may be said to be "going the whole hog." And now, as I have no doubt that my readers will be curious to know whether my lovely wife adheres to her primitive style of dress, I shall only repeat a conversation of yesterday night, as she came down arrayed for a splendid ball given by Mrs. Harcourt de Clare.

"Tell me now, De Benyon," said she, "is not this a pretty dress?"

"Yes, my dear," replied I, looking at her charming face and figure with all the admiration usual in the honeymoon, "it is indeed; but do you not think, my dear Susan," said I, putting the tip of my white glove upon her snowy shoulder, "that it is cut down a *little* too low?"

"Too low, De Benyon! why it's not half so low as Mrs. Harcourt De Clare or Lady C—— wear their dresses."

"Well, my dear, I did not assert that it was. I only asked."

"Well, then, if you only asked for information, De Benyon, I will tell you that it is *not* too low, and I think you will acknowledge that on this point my opinion ought to be decisive; for if I have no other merit, I have at least the merit of being the best-dressed woman in London."

"Verily thou persuadest me, Susannah," replied I.

“ Now, De Benyon, hold your tongue.”

Like a well-disciplined husband, I bowed, and said no more. And now, having no more to say, I shall also make my bow to my readers, and bid them farewell.

THE END.

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